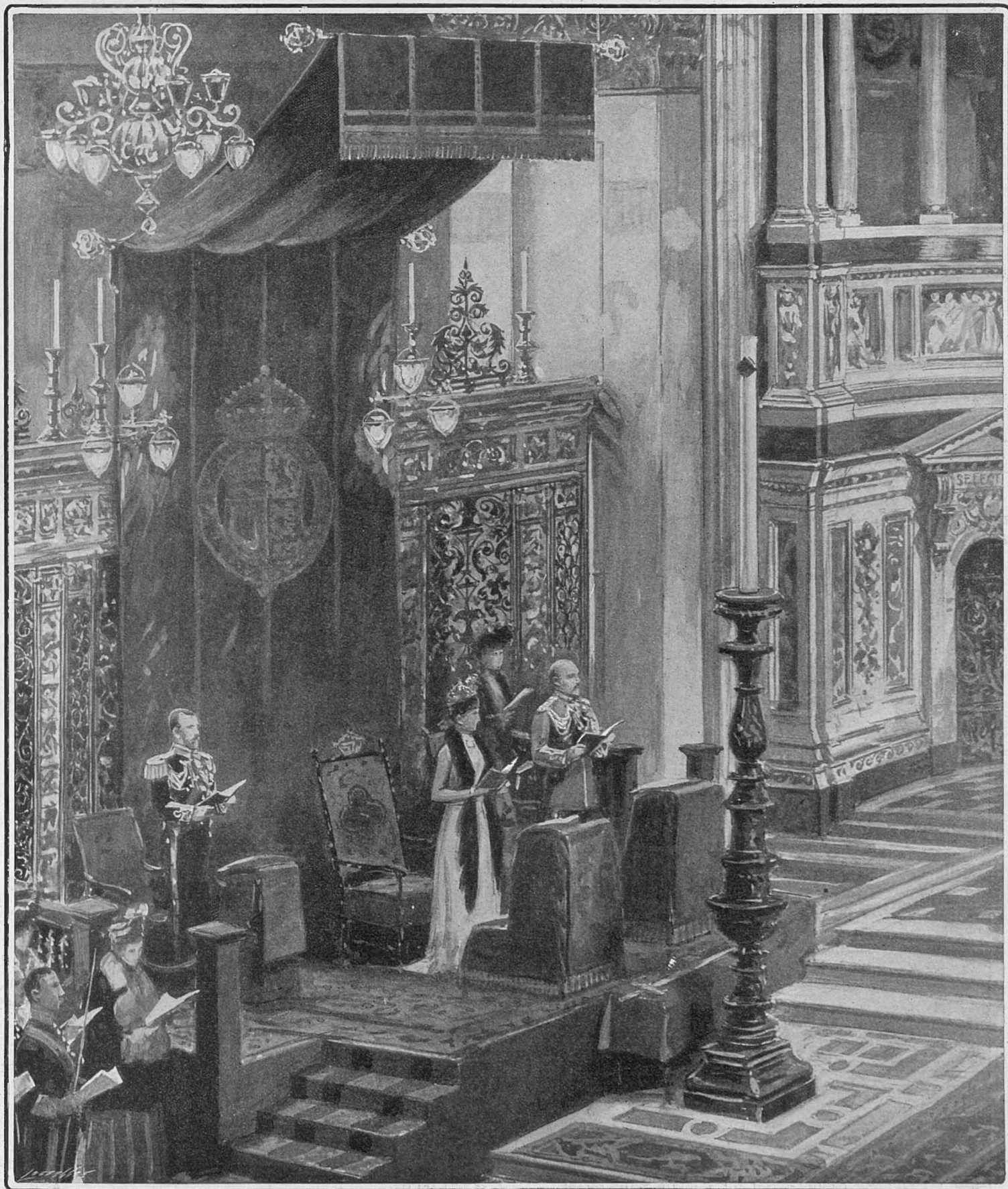




No. 509.—VOL. XL.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,
SUNDAY, OCT. 26.

From the Large Drawing by S. Begg to be published in the Double Number of "The Illustrated London News" on Friday Next.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS THROUGH LONDON (Oct. 25),
AND THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S (Oct. 26).

THE PROCESSION.

THE Londoner, the real Londoner, will look back upon Saturday last as one of the brightest days in the history of his City.

For Saturday was a Londoner's day; he had the town to himself, a Bank Holiday to himself, the King and Queen to himself. Three great privileges these, and he had the further satisfaction of knowing that he had earned them. For weeks upon weeks he had patiently put up with the total disfiguration of his beloved streets; at the time of the Coronation he had been driven from his favourite theatre, his favourite restaurant, his favourite hostelry by swarms of gaping visitors, who came down upon London in their thousands and jostled the long-suffering inhabitant into the gutter. Small wonder, then, that he took a selfish view of the matter on Saturday, and thanked heaven that the Royal visit was of a purely private and personal nature.

The day could hardly have been called a fine one; there was no sunshine, and the wind seemed to blow, alternately, hot and cold. However, the rain held off, and the Londoner expressed his thankfulness for that great mercy. Besides, he was out for the day, and all the world over there is no such cheery optimist as the Londoner out for the day. He took up his position on the pavement at the usual unnecessarily early hour, and was more than content to guffaw at the witticisms of the local jester until the procession made its appearance.

Regarded from the spectacular point of view, there was nothing highly remarkable about the procession. The soldiers were cloaked, and, apart from the members of the Royal Family, the only figure that stirred the crowd to enthusiasm was that of the ever-popular Lord Roberts. "Bobs" is always sure of the Londoner's cheers; he never heard them more heartily given than on Saturday last.

The Duke of Cambridge, riding in an open landau with the Princess Louise and the Princess Victoria, appealed forcibly to the sentiments of the onlookers, who gave the grand old man a splendid welcome. But the greatest outburst of enthusiasm, of course, was reserved for the King and Queen themselves, who rode in an open carriage drawn by the picturesque cream-coloured horses. The Royal couple were looking extremely well. The King, who wore the full uniform of a Field-Marshal, sat erect in his place, smiling, acknowledging the cheers of the crowd with that dignified salute that the Londoner knows so well, and appearing to have forgotten entirely the grave illness and serious operation through which he so recently passed. The Queen, too, was as wonderful as ever. Young, alert, gracious, she never ceased to bow to her subjects in that queenly yet womanly way that has made her beloved throughout the length and breadth of the land. Looking at her on Saturday, one wondered whether she would ever show the traces of years, whether she would ever admit that Father Time, the Inexorable, exacts homage even from an Alexandra.

The line of route, consistently enough, was decorated with flags and bits of bunting. The Londoner, to tell the truth, is not very good at ornamenting his city. He has a rooted objection to anything like a scheme of decoration. The consequence is that, on such an occasion as that of Saturday last, the streets are wont to present a peculiarly motley appearance—here a dash of colour, and there an arch or so. It was almost pathetic to see the much-abused and pitifully cheap-looking red poles brought forth from their secret hiding-places and dotted once again along the edge of the kerb-stone. The poor old things looked so ashamed of their shabby appearance. South of the Thames, however, the people had gone in for golden canopies and golden scrolls, evidencing the fact that, although Art might be a little to seek, there was no lack, on that side of the water, of whole-hearted and generous welcome.

The luncheon at the Guildhall was a brilliant affair. The King and Queen, seated upon canopy-covered Chairs of State, reigned over a large assembly containing, in addition to the other members of the Royal Family, the Prime Minister, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman,

Mr. Gerald Balfour, the Lord and Lady Mayoress, and many other celebrities whose names and whose features are so familiar to the man in the street. Two verses of the National Anthem were sung by Madame Albani, and the usual loyal toasts were drunk with real enthusiasm. And then to South London, and so home to Buckingham Palace amid the roars of a delighted and affectionate populace.

One of the most touching incidents of the day was the presence of the Balaclava veterans, who were provided with accommodation in Fleet Street and whom the King, according to promise, honoured with special attention and a gracious salute. It was interesting also to observe the famous trio of Boer Generals—De Wet, Botha, and Delarey—who were the guests of Sir John McDougall, Chairman of the London County Council. De Wet, it would seem, has quickly learnt to mistrust our peculiar climate, for he held in his hands an umbrella upon which he leaned his chin in an attitude of contemplative resignation.

One must not omit to add that the streets at night were quite free from the Hooligan or "mafficking" element. So welcome a change is to be encouraged by every possible means.

THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

If the procession of Saturday was a matter chiefly affecting the Londoner, the Thanksgiving Service on Sunday was a still more personal affair. Appropriately enough, there was even less display than on the day previous, and the service itself lost nothing of its impressiveness on that account.

St. Paul's Cathedral, as may easily be imagined, was crowded in every corner, but the vast congregation, despite a certain amount of excitement caused by the arrival of various celebrities and the members of the Royal Family, maintained throughout a demeanour of the deepest reverence. The coming of the King and Queen, escorted by the Bishop of London and the Dean of St. Paul's, and followed by the Prince of Wales, was signalled by the commencement of the processional hymn—

Now thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices;
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices.

Then came a shortened form of the usual Morning Service. One of the special prayers was as follows—

O Father of mercies and God of all comfort, Who bringest down to the grave and bringest up, and knowest them that trust in Thee: we give Thee hearty thanks for that Thou hast vouchsafed to deliver Edward, Thy servant our King and Governor, from the pain and sickness wherewith Thou didst afflict him; humbly beseeching Thee so to continue Thy gracious goodness towards him, that, this life ended, he may attain to the eternal joys of thy heavenly kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

After the general thanksgiving came that beautiful hymn, "Through all the changing scenes of life," and then the Bishop of London delivered his brief but deeply religious sermon. The hymn after the sermon—"Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him"—having been concluded, the "Te Deum" was grandly sung with full orchestral accompaniment. Another special prayer, read by the Archbishop of Canterbury, followed. It was in these terms—

We beseech thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty Everlasting God, for Thy servant Edward our King, that as Thou hast brought him into the world by Thy divine providence, and preserved him unto the present day, so Thou wouldst evermore enrich him with the gift of true godliness, and grant him daily to advance in all virtues both in the sight of God and of man, that as he has undertaken the government of this realm, so he may be defended from all enemies, and may reign happily over the people committed to his charge: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"God Save the King," given with all possible force and grandeur, brought the solemn service to a close, and the King and Queen, followed by the members of their family, returned to the Palace through the waiting lines of their affectionate subjects.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS THROUGH LONDON.



THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE BOROUGH.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS THROUGH LONDON.



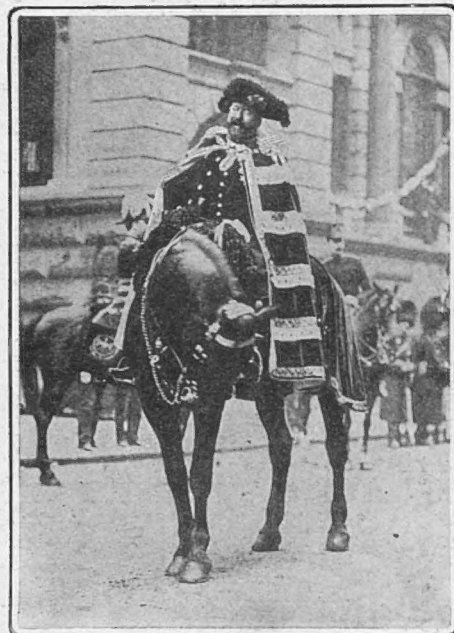
THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, PRINCESS VICTORIA (ON THE FAR SIDE), AND PRINCESS LOUISE.



FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

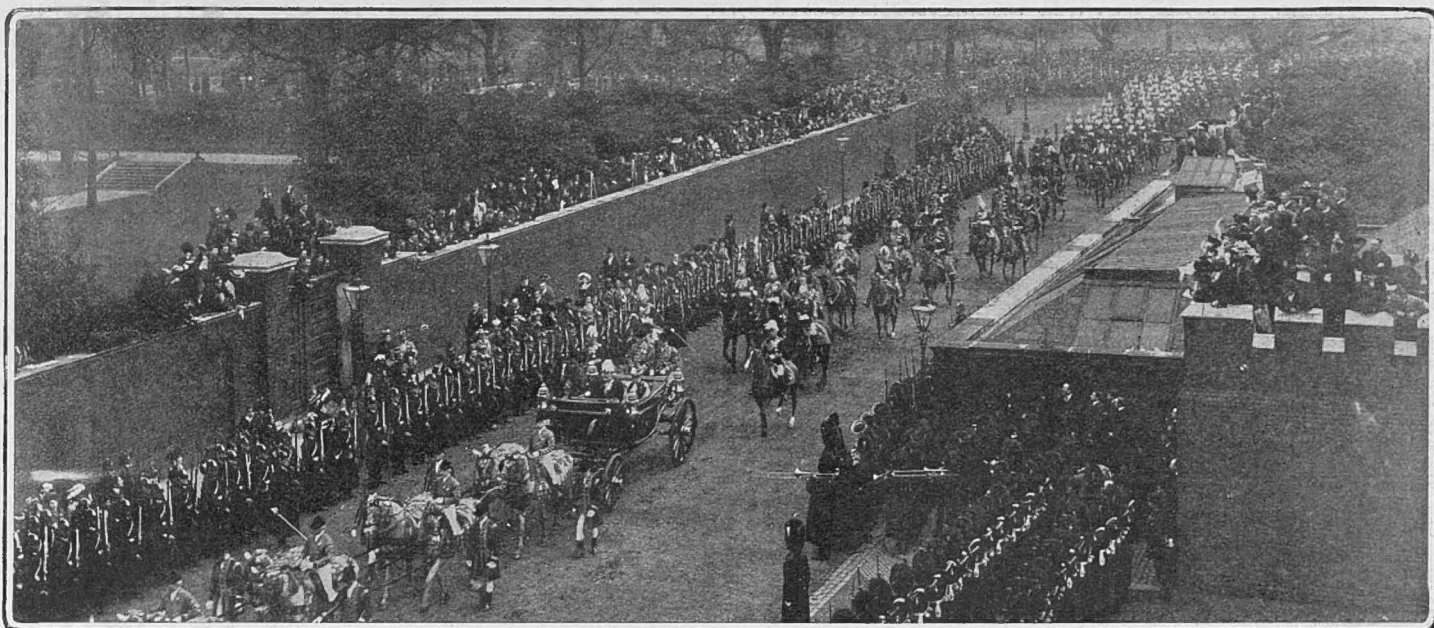


THE LORD MAYOR.



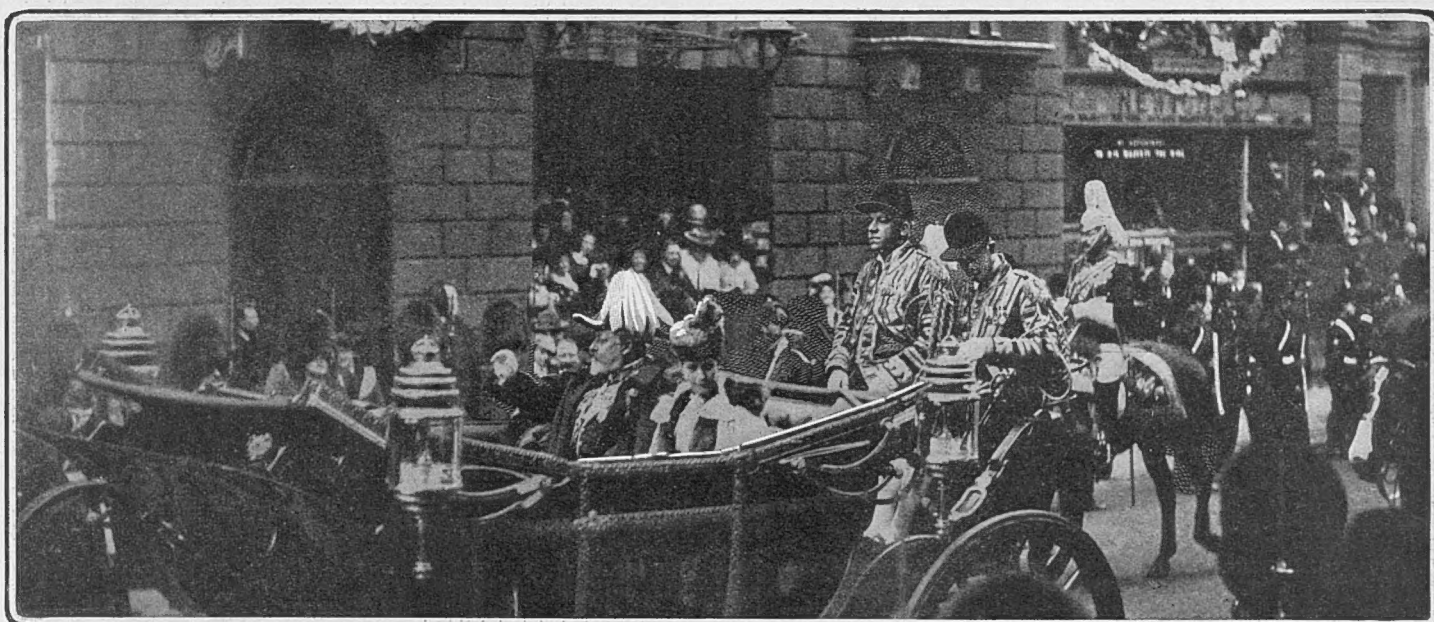
THE BALACLAVA HEROES IN FLEET STREET.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS THROUGH LONDON.

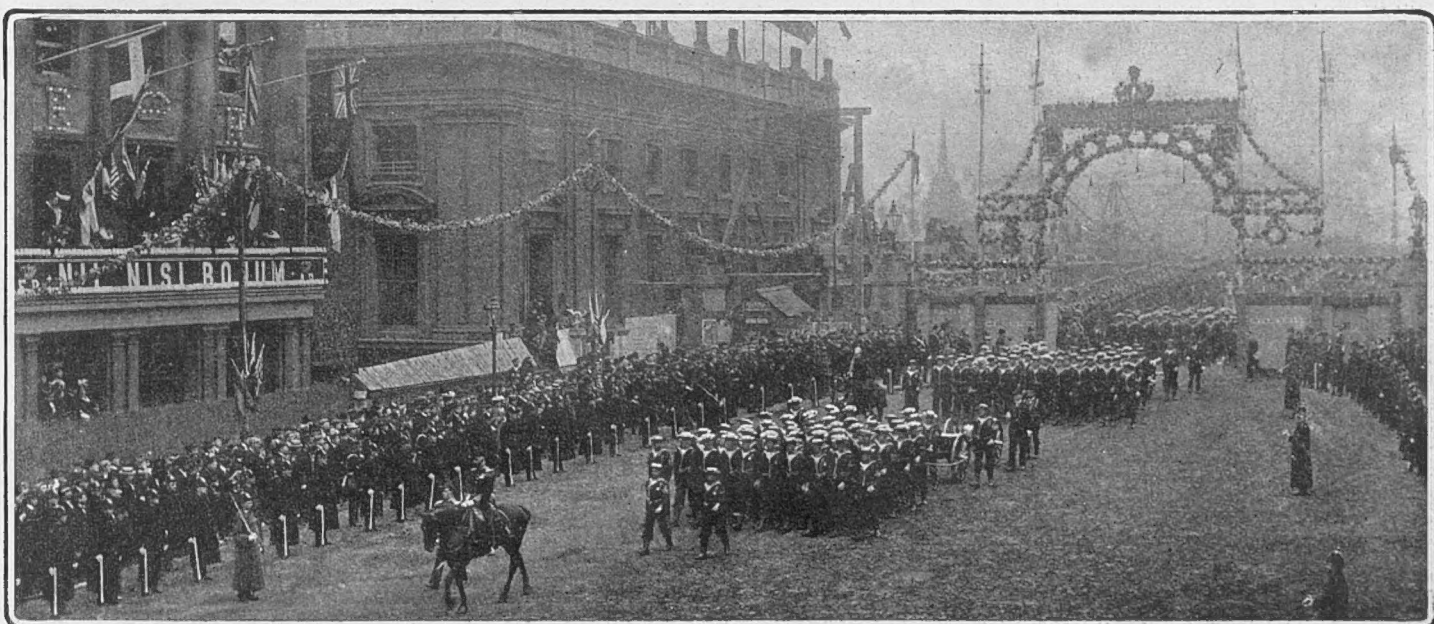


THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING TEMPLE BAR.



THE NAVAL BRIGADE PASSING OVER LONDON BRIDGE.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

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MR. JOHN MORLEY.

Mr. Herman Merivale informs us in his entertaining book, "Bar, Stage, and Platform," that Mr. John Morley was eminent at Oxford chiefly in amateur theatricals. It is, perhaps, almost forgotten now that a good many years ago Mr. Morley took an interest in the London theatres. There is an interesting story in this connection that has to do with Sir Henry Irving and a certain memorable piece of acting. It was in the early seventies, when Mr. Bateman was the lessee of the Lyceum Theatre. Bateman was at a loss to know what to play next, when Mr. Morley, meeting him one day in "the lobbies" of the Lyceum, asked him, "Why don't you get that young man of yours to play Hamlet?" The "young man," of course, was Mr. Henry Irving.

The photos of Lowther Castle that appeared in the issue of *The Sketch* dated Oct. 1 were taken by Mr. E. Fowler Richards, of Penrith, and not by the gentleman whose name appeared beneath the photos. Our apologies are due to Mr. Richards for the unintentional error.

Mr. John Morley's action in presenting Lord Acton's library to Cambridge University, where Lord Acton had been Professor of Modern History since 1895, has been applauded by everyone. The first suggestion that Cambridge was the proper destination of the library was, I believe, made in these columns, and though I do not flatter myself that this was the cause of Mr. Morley's noble gift, yet it is pleasant to see that the ultimate fate of the library was foreshadowed in *The Sketch* almost as soon as Mr. Carnegie's present of it to Mr. Morley was announced.

"Ye Booke of Foolyshe Fancies" contains a number of verses all commencing in the familiar style, "There was an old man," etc., and most of them are both clever and humorous. The author, Mr. C. M. Masterman, confesses that these "doggerel stanzas" were written "wholly in the spirit of inconsequent and utterly unmalicious 'nonsense,'" and as such they are acceptable. The numerous drawings by Mr. R. Kennedy Cox which illustrate the verses might, apparently, have been done by a schoolboy on his slate, and yet are curiously in keeping both with the rhymes and the get-up of the book. As an example of the printer's art, this little work, printed at the Bocard Press, Oxford, is a veritable gem.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE Heart of Midlothian is beginning to beat very fast at the delightful prospect of entertaining a crowned Sovereign within the ancient walls of Holyrood. His Majesty has retained kindly recollections of the home of Scotland's Kings, for he made a short sojourn there when a youth, and there seems no doubt that at one time there was an idea of the Court making a short sojourn at Holyrood this autumn. The Palace is, however, in no

state for the accommodation of a modern Court. The last Royal residents there were poor old Charles X. and the sad, austere daughter of Marie Antoinette. King Edward, as Prince of Wales, occupied only a very small suite of rooms. There are, however, infinite capabilities in the long, low mass of buildings so closely associated with the more romantic episodes of Scottish history. The air of Edinburgh is reputed to be especially bracing, and it is more than probable that King Edward and Queen Alexandra will make a lengthy sojourn there in the autumn of next year.

The Crown Prince of Siam has said that there is no truth in the statement that he is about to become engaged to an American lady. This recalls an authentic though little-known story concerning the venerable lady who is now the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and the great Duke of Wellington. When the philanthropic heiress was still in her twenties, a rumour arose that she was about to become the Duchess of Wellington. An old friend inquired of the Duke whether there was any truth in the rumour. "I said she deserved to be a Duchess, not that I would make her one," was the answer. When the story was repeated to Miss Angela Burdett-Coutts, she observed, with a smile, "I think the Duke should have said 'could,' not 'would.'"

Lord Lansdowne is the most indefatigable of working Peers. In spite of his great fortune and exceptionally happy domestic life, he has chosen deliberately to devote himself to the service of his country, and, after having been

War during the most troublous period in our recent history, he is now at the Foreign Office working as hard as ever. Lansdowne

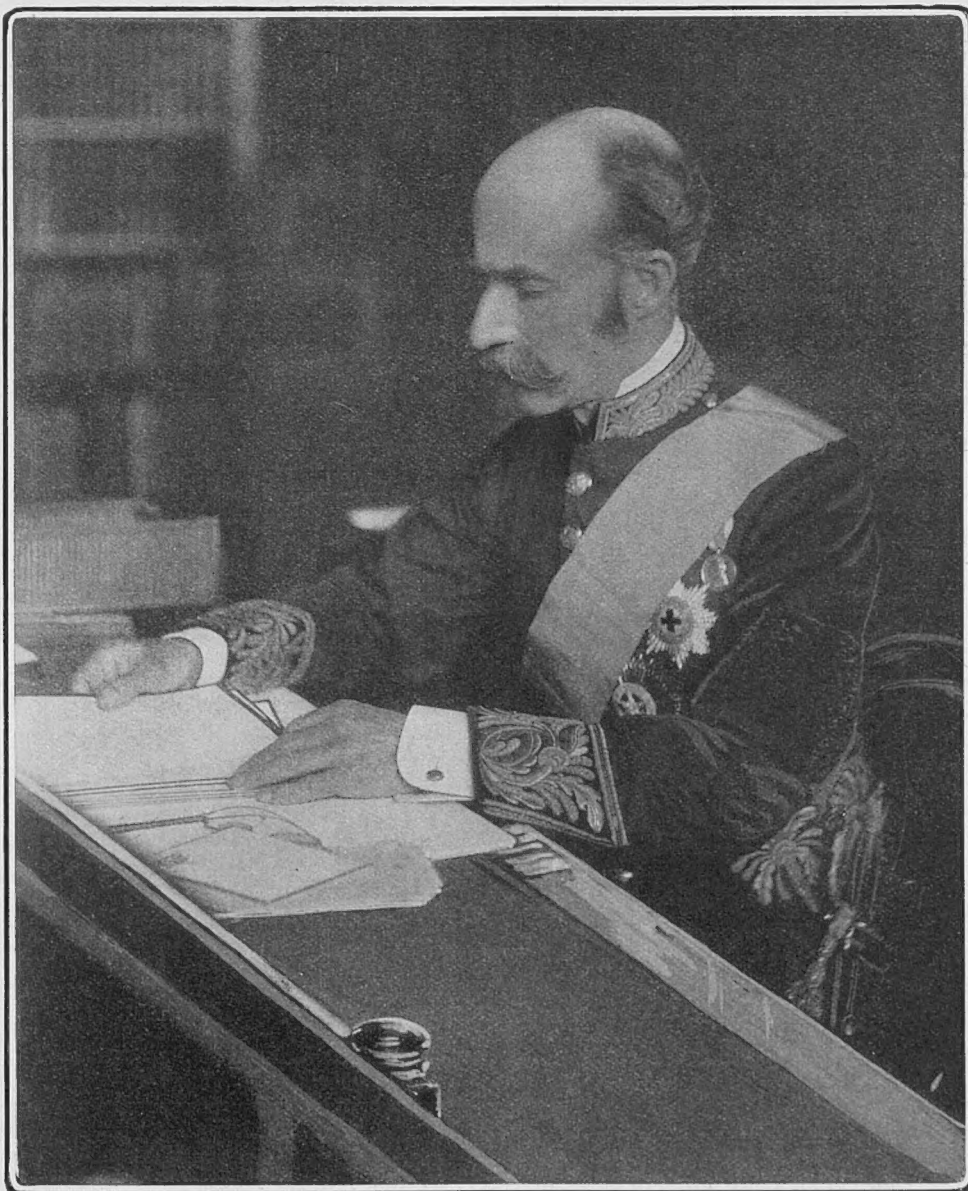
House, where Lord and Lady Lansdowne so often hospitably entertain members of their Party, is in some ways the most delightful of minor London palaces. Though literally within a stone's-throw of Piccadilly, it is a quiet retreat surrounded on two sides by a delightful leafy garden. Lord Lansdowne is exceptionally fortunate in his children. His two sons are both gallant soldiers; of his daughters, the one is the future Duchess of Devonshire, the other Lady Waterford.

Foreign Affairs. The Foreign Offices of the Great Powers must be enjoying a lively time just now. In the Balkans

guns and knives are as popular as ever. Bulgarians, Macedonians, and Turks are settling their grievances in the old-fashioned manner. To make matters worse, there is the trouble in Somaliland, and it is alleged that Russia is trying to revive the old 1833 Treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, which gives Russian warships the monopoly of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. The *Gaulois* has declared solemnly, on the authority of a "distinguished diplomat," that pourparlers are now passing between Paris, Madrid, and London for the restoration of Gibraltar to Spain in return for Ceuta, the Moorish city in possession of Spain that stands on the Mediterranean coast of Morocco, some sixteen miles as the crow flies from the extreme edge of the "Rock." Another French paper declares that negotiations are proceeding for the settlement of the disputes between Great Britain and France in Newfoundland. Of

course, the Gibraltar-Ceuta story must be a canard, but it is well to remember that the late Sir John Drummond Hay, for forty years our representative at the Moorish Court, believed that the exchange of Gibraltar for Ceuta would make the Spaniards our friends for all time, and give us a very important holding in Morocco that would enable us to guarantee the integrity of the Straits when the partition of Morocco becomes an accomplished fact. Since Mr. Gibson Bowles went to Gibraltar, a couple of years ago, and warned us of the weakness of the new harbour works in the face of Spanish batteries in and round Algeiras, Sir John Drummond Hay's warnings have been recalled in many quarters.

The principal result of the refusal of the Czarina to receive Queen Draga has, so far, been a change of Ministry in Servia. The bold man who has undertaken this very difficult task is Mr. P. Velimirovich, who will also be Minister of Public Works as well as Premier. He is one of the veterans of the Radical Party, and



LORD LANSDOWNE READING DESPATCHES AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.

assisted in founding it with the Socialist Svetozne Marcovich and the engineer Nicholas Pachich. Since 1887 he has been a Minister of one sort or another in the Cabinets of Messrs. Ristic, Gronich, Pachich, Simich, and Vonich. The King was persuaded to appoint him by Mr. Vonich, the retiring Premier, and, as he is also a Progressive Radical, the tone of the Cabinet will not be altered.

Disorder in the House.

Irish disorder is the chief characteristic of the autumn Session of Parliament. Hissing has been heard several times; loud and passionate outcries are raised on the slightest pretext; the Prime Minister himself is noisily interrupted, and the Speaker is defied every few minutes at question-time. "The question has been fully answered," rules the Speaker, but half-a-dozen Nationalists repeat the question. "It is not in order to pursue this subject further," he says, whereupon the member pursuing it shouts louder. Even the sympathetic Liberals look ashamed. Unionists, as a rule, keep silent, lest they give fresh pretext for noisy protests.

In Mr. Redmond's Absence.

There are at least four leaders of the Nationalists in Mr. John Redmond's absence. The leadership in debate appears to be divided between Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. William O'Brien, but Mr. Pat O'Brien, the Whip, is a sort of nominal chief. He asks questions and makes announcements on behalf of the Party, and similar authority is exercised by another Whip, Captain Donelan. Mr. William O'Brien has been thrusting himself forward on every opportunity, and has shown intense passion. The Nationalist Party would certainly be much more turbulent under his guidance than under Mr. Redmond's. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, on the other hand, has tried to restrain the more unmannerly of his colleagues. He is a practised Parliamentarian and has no wish to offend the House, but even "T. P." has been constrained by Mr. O'Brien's presence to raise his voice in vehement passion.

Mr. Gully has harder work in the Chair than ever before. The question hour is a severe trial. Firmness sometimes succeeds, but at other times it drives an excited member to defiant methods. Friendly appeals and patient reasoning may also be wasted on Nationalists who are determined to draw attention to their grievances by squabbles and scenes. To keep order and at the same time to avoid suspensions is a task which would try the strongest Speaker.

The Business of the Session.

Although scenes distract attention and shake nerves, the House plods on with the Education Bill. About half-a-dozen lines were passed in the first week. At this rate, the Bill would be under consideration next Easter, but the large majorities in the House and the Devonport election have given Mr. Balfour fresh confidence in his policy.

A Roman Catholic Peeress.

Lady Howard of Glossop belongs to the comparatively small group of Roman Catholic Peeresses, her husband being a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk, and directly descended from the thirteenth Duke. Lady Howard of Glossop was, before her marriage, Miss Hyacinthe Scott-Kerr. Though exceptionally pretty and clever, she concerns herself very actively with every form of Roman Catholic philanthropic work, and certainly lives up to Lord Howard of Glossop's motto, "Virtue alone is invincible." Although they have a house in London, Lord and Lady Howard of Glossop spend much of their time in the country, both at Glossop and at their Scottish seat, which is near Fort William.

A Charming American Countess.

The Countess of Tankerville is American by birth, for she belongs to one of the oldest Knickerbocker families in New York—the Van Marters. Lord Tankerville was still Lord Bennet when he married Miss Leonora Van Marter, but succeeded to the title some four years later. Lady Tankerville is mistress of one of the most splendid

British historic homes, namely, Chillingham Castle, the park of which is noted as being the resting-place of the last herd of wild cattle in this country. Lady Tankerville's little son, Lord Ossulston, a charming boy of five years old, was the prettiest as well as the youngest page at the Coronation.

Lady Willshire.

Lady Willshire is one of the group of beautiful and popular women who are noted for being clever as well as for being good-looking. *Née* Miss Sanford Freeling, Lady Willshire has inherited brains from her brilliant father, who was, in his day, one of the most trusted of public servants. Her marriage to the good-looking soldier Baronet who served Queen and country with such distinction in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 took place early in the 'nineties.

The Countess of Powis.

The Countess of Powis, who will be among Lord Kitchener's guests at the Coronation Durbar, was co-heiress with her elder sister, the Countess of Yarborough, of the late Lord Conyers, and she lately petitioned to be recognised as co-heir to the Baroness of Fonconberg D'Arcy and Meinill. Lady Powis, who is a very beautiful woman and "more than common tall," married Lord Powis twelve years ago. She has two children—a son and heir, Viscount Clive, who is just ten years old, and Lady Hermione Herbert, who was born in 1900. Lord and Lady Powis are particularly rich in charming and delightful residences; they have three country places and a town-house in Berkeley Square. They were among the few members of the great nobility who entertained Lord Kitchener during his recent sojourn in England.



Photograph by Bullingham.

LADY BERTHA ANSON, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LICHFIELD.

MARRIED ON THURSDAY LAST AT ST. MARK'S CHURCH, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, W.



Photograph by Bassano.

THE HON. THOMAS EGERTON, SON OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ELLESMERE.

Hadden, Vicar of the parish. The Earl of Lichfield gave his daughter away. A beautiful Court-train of old lace over cloth-of-silver fell from her shoulders and was carried by four smart little pages dressed in pale-blue velvet, while the Ladies Mabel and Violet Anson (the bride's sisters), the Ladies Katherine and Leila Egerton (sisters of the bridegroom), Lady Dorothy Legge, and the Hon. Marjorie Coke were the bridesmaids, gowned in white *mousseline de soie* draped with fichus of cream lace, and with pretty pale-blue chiffon hats trimmed with pale-pink and white flowers. Viscount Brackley, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man. After the largely attended reception, which was held by the Countess of Lichfield at 38, Great Cumberland Place, W., the Hon. Thomas and Lady Bertha Egerton departed for Woodhurst, Crawley, Sussex (lent by the bride's uncle and aunt, Captain and Lady Beatrice Rawson), where they are spending their honeymoon.

An English Composer in Dresden.

It is so seldom that English musicians find favour in Germany that it is very gratifying to learn that a new opera on a Chinese subject, the libretto and music both written by Miss Dora Bright, will shortly be produced at the Dresden Opera House. Miss Dora Bright was formerly well known in London as a pianist, but she left the concert platform on her marriage. Now that she is a widow she has turned her attention to composing, and last year the pretty music of the Christmas piece at the Vaudeville was written by her. According to the *Neueste Nachrichten*, the music of the new opera is "so captivating, and, above all, holds one so strongly, that one exclaims in astonishment, 'Can this be the work of a woman?'" It is to be hoped that we shall be able to hear the new Chinese opera in London before long.

A very smart gathering assembled on Thursday last, the 23rd inst., at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, for the wedding of the Hon. Thomas Egerton, the Earl of Ellesmere's third son, and the Lady Bertha Anson, the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lichfield and niece of the Duke of Abercorn. The ceremony was performed by the bride's great-uncle, the Right Rev. the Hon. Adelbert Anson, formerly Bishop of Qu'Appelle, Canada, assisted by the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal (the Rev. Dr. Sheppard, C.V.O.) and the Rev. R. H.

A QUARTETTE OF BEAUTIFUL SOCIETY LEADERS.

(See Opposite Page.)



THE COUNTESS OF TANKERVILLE AND HER SON,
LORD OSSULSTON.



THE COUNTESS OF POWIS.



LADY HOWARD OF GLOSSOP

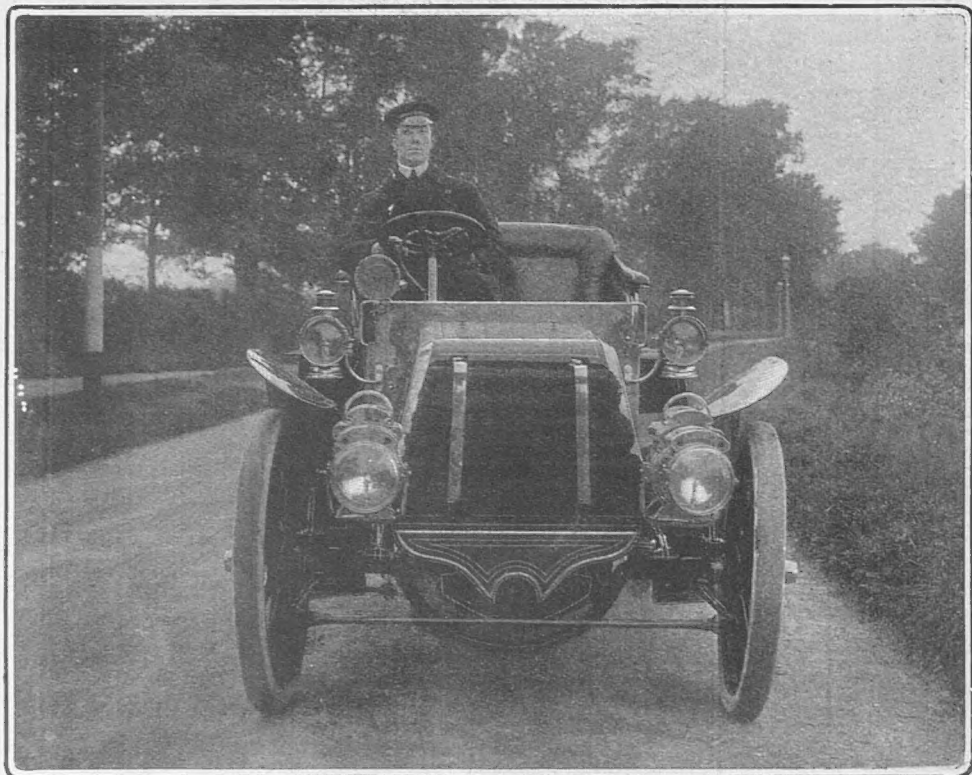


LADY WILLSHIRE.

Photographs by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

The King's Training Stables.

Egerton House, Newmarket, where the King's racehorses are trained, was built by the Earl of Ellesmere, and has been occupied by Mr. Richard Marsh, His Majesty's trainer, for the past ten years. It is one of the best houses occupied by any trainer in England, being exceedingly well-appointed and having in the stables accommodation for some fifty or sixty thoroughbreds. Mr. Marsh, who in his time was a successful jockey, is a Kentish man and owes his present high position



MR. CECIL EDGE (COUSIN OF MR. S. F. EDGE) ON A SIXTEEN HORSE-POWER NAPIER.

to sheer hard work and perseverance. He is a great favourite in racing and other circles, being generally known as "popular Dick Marsh." On a recent visit to Egerton House, the King expressed a wish to see his trainer privately, and personally presented Mr. Marsh with one of the medals struck in commemoration of the Coronation. Herbert Jones, the young jockey who rides for His Majesty, sprang into fame, it will be recalled, through riding Diamond Jubilee to victory in the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, and St. Leger two years ago.

The Rothschild Staghounds.

The Rothschild Hounds have been famous ever since their establishment in the early forties of last century. The country hunted is mainly old pasture, which affords the best of going, and although the opening meets are held in the hill country round about Ivinghoe, they are well attended; indeed, at Ivinghoe, where Mr. and Mrs. Roberts entertain the Hunt, there is always a large field; also at Pendley Manor and Park Hill, Tring. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild himself once stated at a public meeting that he always liked to hunt from Cublington (in the heart of the Vale), whose great pastures are contiguous to the greater one of Creslow, the largest in the county of Bucks, where Mr. Rowland can give his guests a two-mile gallop without a hedge or fence. North Marston lies at the extreme western limit of the Rothschild country, but at no place do the field get a heartier welcome than that afforded by Mr. Watkins. The Master of the pack, having partaken of the hospitality offered, mounts his hunter, and, accompanied by the villagers and many of the field, rides off to direct the enlarging of the deer, a ceremony greatly enjoyed by the natives, who, with much shouting, do their best to start the quarry at a good pace. Then the Master and field return to the meeting-place and wait ten or fifteen minutes to give "stag law." The run may cover some fifteen or twenty miles, or it may end in fifteen minutes—it all depends on the deer. If he sulks or soils or is headed and captured, the pack returns and another animal is released, much to the delight of the school-children.

The New Channel Lighthouse.

The new lighthouse in the English Channel, off Beachy Head, Sussex, begun in July 1899, is finished, and now, a magnificent, solid fact in 3660 tons of granite, it rises from the sea

to the height of 142 feet, a marvel of engineering skill and genius, flashing forth from the splendid lantern which crowns it a light that illuminates the Channel for miles around. The new tower is built, on a substratum of solid chalk (which extends to a depth of fifty feet or more), on the foreshore below Beachy Head, and its distance of six hundred feet from the base of the cliff, with its height, gives to its light a good range east and west, as well as across Channel. Belle Tout Lighthouse, which the new tower has supplanted, was constructed in 1831, to warn ships against the dangerous shoals in this vicinity, a group of rocky banks known as the Royal Sovereign Shoals, on which many vessels have been wrecked. These disasters have been less frequent since the lighthouse was built. The cliff, however, near the verge of which it stands has during some years been very insecure, enormous quantities of chalk having fallen at different times. In 1893 it is estimated that 85,000 tons were dislodged in a heavy fall which occurred, and in 1896 a still greater fall brought down a mass calculated to contain 89,000 tons. These proofs of instability enforced the necessity of building a new lighthouse on a more solid foundation. The inadequacy of Belle Tout Lighthouse was further due to its liability to be enveloped in fog while the air at sea-level was clear, rendering the latter situation more suitable for the purpose of a lighthouse. The designs for the new lighthouse were made by Mr. T. Matthews, Engineer-in-Chief to the Trinity House.

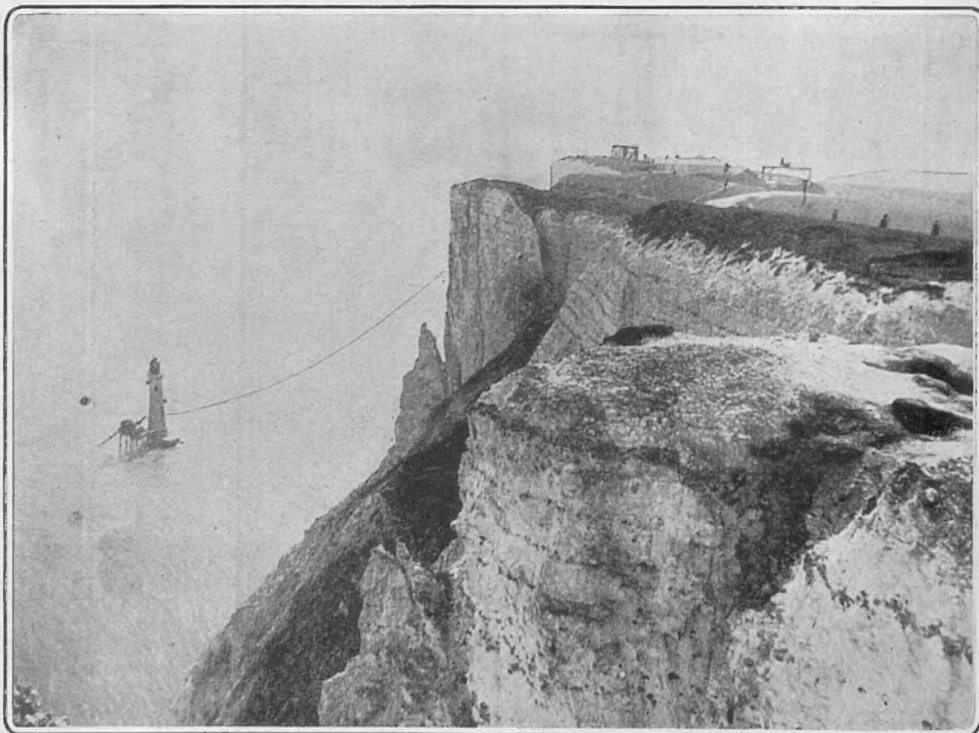
Mr. Cecil Edge. Though Mr. Cecil Edge may not be quite so prominent a figure in the motoring world as is his famous cousin, Mr. S. F. Edge, he has, nevertheless, done a great deal to help the cause of automobilism, and I am very pleased, therefore, to present his portrait to my readers. The car on which Mr. Edge is seated is a 16 horse-power Napier.

Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield. So many excellent pictures from the studio of Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield have appeared in *The Sketch* within the last twelve months that it is hardly necessary for me to

eulogise their photographic work. The four Dickens portraits which are given in the centre of this week's number complete the series of Dickens characters for which Mr. Bransby Williams, the well-known actor, has kindly posed as model.

The King on the Riviera.

It is said in Paris that King Edward will spend some weeks this spring at Cannes, and that he will start on his journey on or about Feb. 15 next. He will cross France by special train, and spend a few hours in Paris *en route*. The Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert* will anchor in the harbour of the Gulf of San Juan, and after taking part in the regatta, which lasts from the 8th to the 23rd of March, the King will, it is understood, take a cruise in the Mediterranean.



THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE OFF BEACHY HEAD.

Photograph by Coster, Eastbourne.

WHERE THE KING'S RACEHORSES ARE TRAINED.

MR. RICHARD MARSH'S ESTABLISHMENT, EGERTON HOUSE, NEWMARKET.



(1) THE STABLES.

(2) THE WEIGHING ROOM.

(3) SIDE OF HOUSE.

(4) THE STUD FARM.

(5) A MORNING GALLOP.

(6) H. JONES, WHO RIDES FOR THE KING.

(7) EGERTON HOUSE.

(8) MR. RICHARD MARSH.

Miss Margaret Fraser. Miss Margaret Fraser, who will shortly appear in Mr. Barrie's new comedy, "The Admirable Crichton," at the Duke of York's Theatre, had not long been on the stage before her natural charms singled her out for the notice of the public, who have ever an eye to comeliness of



MISS ISA BOWMAN.

AT CHRISTMAS MISS BOWMAN WILL PLAY "PRINCIPAL BOY" AT SUNDERLAND.

Photograph by Robinson and Sons, Dublin.

face and form. Miss Fraser, however, was by no means content to remain a mere beauty, and she therefore assiduously devoted herself to singing and dancing, so that when the opportunity presented itself, as it did in the production of "Blue-Bell in Fairyland" at the Vaudeville last Christmas-time, she made a great success in the part for which she was cast.



MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON, NOW PLAYING IN "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

Boer Generals in Berlin.

The Boer Generals were accorded an ovation in Berlin (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). Those who are old enough to remember declare that a similar display of popular enthusiasm has not been witnessed since the return to the Capital of the Paladins of the Franco-German War. If this be so, and the newspapers themselves vouch for it, it is passing strange that comparatively so little money was collected. Two thousand pounds—no more—is the sum directly attributable to the presence of the Generals; the rest, 'not quite twelve thousand pounds, was gathered more than nine months ago from the anti-English harvest sown by the inventors of Concentration Camp horrors. The great German nation, with its unparalleled enthusiasm, has therefore given the Generals less than was donated by one American. Small wonder that Botha's last word as he left his Berlin hotel should have been addressed to an American journalist, to the effect that the Generals would certainly pay a visit to the United States, and that Botha's secretary should deliver himself to the same individual of an indictment of the German coinage system which led Germans to think in marks, whereas the ideas of Britishers and Americans ran in substantial pounds and dollars. There is another explanation of the poverty of the German contribution to the Boer funds. It lies in the desire to demonstrate against the "Anglophil" policy of the German Government. The fulfilment of this desire was easy and involved no expenditure of money—to which the public was less inclined when it



MISS MARGARET FRASER.

Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

heard how De Wet tried to impress it with his German mother. In France the Generals declared that the Boers owed their gallantry in war to the French blood in their veins; in Germany they averred that the Boer and German nations were one and indivisible. This "slimness," perhaps, excited a certain amount of distrust, and the public consequently determined to rest content to indulge their anti-English sentiments by vociferous acclamations of the Generals, and to refrain from according too great a measure of financial assistance to them in their capacity as "British subjects."

A Political Dancer. The volatile Chancellor, Count von Bülow, has suffered more than anyone from the Boer visit. He attempted once more his celebrated "dance along the middle line"—that is to say, he took the initiative in the endeavours to please all parties by suggesting to the Generals that they should ask for an audience of the Emperor on terms agreeable to the British. The Generals refused, and Count von Bülow was obliged to proclaim an official boycott of the Generals—a measure which has earned for him the title of "Lord" Bülow. It is a curious consequence of Count von Bülow's "dancing methods" that he should be disliked and distrusted by each row of onlookers—regarded by the British as an Anglophobe and by the Germans as an Anglophile. It is the same with his domestic politics. He is looked upon by each contending party as the friend of its opponents. The Emperor alone continues to trust him, and, of course, as long as he retains the Emperor's confidence he will remain in power.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Paris' Latest Pet. In regard to a man of such a history as that of Lord Kitchener the word "pet" will seem misplaced to those who vaguely understand the significance of the French word "petit" (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). He entered Paris unobtrusively, almost before the Boer Generals had gone, but there was not enough money left in that mysterious Boer fund to turn out *camelots* to hoot him. In point of fact, when his arrival was known, every journal heralded him as a glorious example for a French soldier, and as a companion who had fought for the Flag of France in the dark days of the *débâcle* and who nearly paid his life for his devotion.

"Le Boucher" in Real Life. Kitchener, throughout the disgusting caricature campaign, was alternately represented with a bone in his mouth or tearing up women. And never in a few hours did a man so take the city by storm. I saw him at Chantilly for the races on Sunday. With visions, no doubt, of a long, sullen winter voyage, to be followed by much that was strange in departmental matters in India, he will remember that afternoon at Chantilly, when all that was exquisite in young winter feminine attire encased (so to speak) something that smiled at him. I do not know whether his Lordship bets or whether his interest is purely sportive; but, at any rate, he can read a race, for twice before the distance was reached he closed his glasses, and what followed was regarded with a smiling indifference. He certainly bowed down to no convention or protocol, for he roared till his sides shook over the madly reckless "Billet de Logement" at the Folies-Dramatiques; and Francis de Croisset regards as the proudest moment of his life the visit to the "Mathurins," when the General called him aside to heartily congratulate on a little playlet. Kitchener's every move was so kindly chronicled that Leopold II. seemed to be leaving Paris dangerously long. Nothing could be more pleasing to England, accompanied as it was by enthusiastic demonstrations to Queen Alexandra on her homeward voyage through French territory.

A Trying Situation. Here is a true story of the best-known English hotel, and it is only a few days' old. A friend of mine slept there, and wanted hot water at a very early hour. There was no reply, so far as he was concerned, but the place became a bear-garden, with language used but unclassified in all countries. The more he rang, the worse it got. Finally, a shock-headed night-porter put in his head, and said savagely, "Is it you? Very well! Every time you have pressed your button at this sepulchral hour nine discs have been cleared, and the last man I woke up gave me this." And there was that about his eye.

Réjane. Réjane is back in Paris, and I hear that that American tour may have dangerous results, for the stage will lose her charming daughter—only in marriage. But little Mdle. Réjane is still young, and I hope that America can wait.

That Telephone! What France can do when she puts herself to it in administrative work is instanced by a little indiscretion that one of the officials of the Telephone Bureau gives me. The Budget Committee estimated that 60,000 francs would be sufficient to print the books for subscribers. This was voted. The printer pointed out that it would require 110,000 francs, and refused to have anything to do with it. The result, incredible as it may seem, is that there is not a subscribers' list for 1902. Read it and walk round and judge of idle words on silent wires.

Kings on their Wandering. I saw King George of Greece in the Rue de la Paix, and he seemed to have regained all the old interest in Paris that so sadly disappeared after the Greco-Turkish War. Then he seemed to be taking a water-cure in a noisy Capital. Latterly there is a dash of the old debonair and the

toy-shops, and those of antiquaries have developed their old fascination. The manner of Dom Carlos of Portugal has displeased. He has an arrogant air, smokes his cigar slightly like a South American planter, and in his congratulations to artists there is not that subdued smile, but almost a mirthful air.

The Cab and Colds. The Frenchman will wait ten minutes in summer to get a pneumatic-tyred cab and in winter ten minutes for one artificially warmed. Ask him why he cannot support London's hansom, and his reply is curious. One told me the other day that he was positive it was the hansom that killed half the Londoners. By the exposure to the air, he contended, of necessity the London cab was a beehive of pulmonary disorders and its moist cushions so many death-traps.

The Greatest Actor in France. If ever there was an actor whose career should serve as a model to that overwhelmingly large section of the dramatic profession which contents itself with playing whatever character it may get and ignores such

essentials as the art of speaking, the study of expression and gesture, with the acquirement of grace and the capacity to differentiate between various types of character, that actor is Benoît Constant Coquelin—Coquelin *ainé*, as he is commonly called, to distinguish him from his younger brother, Coquelin *cadet*. Short of stature and plain of face, with a disagreeable voice, Coquelin astounded his friends when, as a lad, he announced his intention of going on the stage. They naturally endeavoured to dissuade him, believing that a life of disappointment and failure was in store for one who had, apparently, so few of the requisites for succeeding in a calling which is popularly supposed to require all the physical endowments Nature can bestow. Convinced of his own innate powers, however, Coquelin turned a deaf ear to them, and, by astute practice and devotion to the rudimentary requirements of the stage, he transformed his harsh, unmusical voice into one of the most musical organs to be heard in any part of the world, and became so accomplished a speaker that he has long been held up as a model of the way an actor should speak, whether he be talking the dialogue of the most modern of modern writers or declaiming the Alexandrines of the classical authors. Indeed, his "Art of Speaking Monologue," which he wrote with his brother nearly twenty years ago, is a treatise which every actor should read and study. Essentially a character-actor, Coquelin has, nevertheless, attempted romantic parts, and in



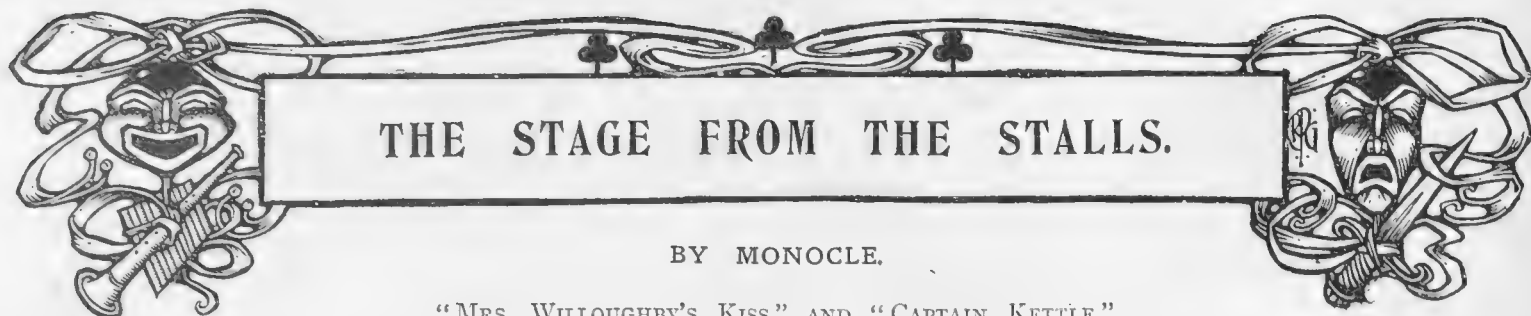
M. COQUELIN IN THE DOORWAY OF HIS PARIS HOME.

Photographed for "The Sketch."

his youth he made a notable success as Gringoire, a character which Mr. Beerbohm Tree has made familiar as the hero of "The Ballad-Monger," while everyone will recall his Cyrano de Bergerac as a later assumption of the heroic vein. Playgoers really interested in the history of the drama will, perhaps, remember that in the pages of a popular monthly magazine he and Sir Henry Irving discussed the eternally interesting question raised by "the Diderot paradox," whether the actor feels the part he is playing or does not. The Frenchman declared he does not, while Sir Henry Irving held that he does. It is probable, however, that, in spite of the distinction of the two disputants, the last word has yet to be written on the subject, on which much light has been thrown from an entirely new direction by the recently published book of Dr. Alfred T. Schofield, of Harley Street, on "Force of Mind; or, The Mental Factor in Medicine," an illuminating work on many at present ill-understood mental phases.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Thirty-nine (from July 23 to October 15, 1902) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"MRS. WILLOUGHBY'S KISS" AND "CAPTAIN KETTLE."

SHOULD we have guessed that the faults in "Mrs. Willoughby's Kiss" are due to youth, to the blessed, delightful crime of being only twenty-four? It is difficult to answer; yet one may at least say that some exhibit inexperience; but, alas, one may be inexperienced at almost any age. Some men are mere amateurs of and in life till an overripe old age. Mr. Stayton begins capitally with the position of Mrs. Willoughby and Mrs. Brandram waiting for the arrival of their respective husbands after more than a decade of separation. One smells tragedy in the air, and when, in the gloom, an awful mistake is made, and pretty Mrs. Willoughby passionately kisses handsome Mr. Brandram, and they agree to conceal the error, she from her ugly, rough husband, and he from his dowdy wife, the play is launched superbly. No doubt, the comic note has been forced in some business about tea and toast, and Mr. Willoughby has been made such a caricature that one feels that, even eleven years before, when he left his wife, he was unendurable, wherefore her disappointment in him is ill-founded. Yet, in a sense, the author may be wise in this exaggeration, and also in that of Mrs. Brandram's dowdiness and stupidity, for, except in the rare case of the great dramatist, fine strokes are foolish, subtlety is useless, and the bludgeon must be the weapon, not the rapier: in this respect, the novel, with its space for delicate shades, has an enormous advantage.

Unfortunately, the author allows too much of his play to happen between the first and the second Acts, since two minutes after Mr. B. and Mrs. W. meet for the second time on the stage they have admitted to one another an unlawful love and agreed that they must part for ever or never part again. Clearly, one ought to have had some scenes indicating the growth of this passion. The author may say that they fell in love at first sight, or rather, first kiss; if so, why dwell on the lovers' disappointment in their spouses and exhibit the trial to Brandram's nerves by the stupidity of his dowdy wife? The truth is that the author has driven two themes alongside and deceived himself into believing that they merge. Brandram does not fall in love with Mrs. W. because of the disappointment and discomfort of his home-life, but simply because he does fall in love with her—rather flabbily—and the ample development of the dreariness of his life with his foolish wife is almost irrelevant. The curious truth is that the play would have been finer and stronger if he had found his wife what he expected and hoped, and yet, under the glamour of the almost fatal kiss, had been disappointed in her.

There are moments when the question arises whether the character of the daughter and her scene with the father shows, as I hope, real brilliance in the author, or whether what seems brilliance is accidental. It may seem ungenerous to say this, but I cannot keep it back. Here is the girl who finds her father very affectionate towards her and very unhappy with his wife; yet she blandly tells him that, whether he consents or not, she means to marry a callow youth and go, in a month, with him to live in India, and thus remove the only happy aspect of her father's life and the sole bond between him and her mother. A few minutes later, she discovers that he is so sick of his wife and home-life that he is going to elope with Mrs. Willoughby; then she indulges in heroics, pleads earnestly for her mother, and, as a crowning blow, asks, "Does my love count for nothing?" Her love! The love of the little cat who never dreams of saving the situation by saying she will postpone her marriage for some years, so as to render the home-life endurable! Is this a fine stroke of selfish vanity or merely a conventional situation?

Nevertheless, there is plenty of cleverness in the comedy, so far as dialogue and suggestion of character are concerned, though the construction is deplorable. There is "Charles, my friend," the stock interlocutor in an intense degree. Hyrvey, friend of Brandram's, has one of the longest parts, and explains everything to the audience laboriously, but has nothing really to do with the drama. Less skilful use of this old character I can hardly recollect. It was played very well by Mr. Scott Buist. The acting almost throughout is of quite noteworthy quality. Miss Ellis Jeffreys, with but scraps of scenes entrusted to her, was wonderfully convincing as Mrs. Willoughby, and a capital contrast was supplied by Miss Florence St. John, the dowdy wife, a part that she played admirably. Indeed, it is surprising to see her, once the queen of comic opera, giving such a sound, even subtle, piece of acting on her first appearance in comedy. One regrets her comic mode of eating toast as ultra-farcical, but, this blemish apart, her work may be praised without reserve. Mr. Mills, in the very difficult part of the weak husband, played with much quiet force.

It is surprising that we have not had a Captain Kettle play ere the new work by Messrs. Malcolm Watson and Murray Carson, for the Captain, if not exactly a well-known character in literature, is such a popular favourite that there are tens of thousands—or, perhaps, hundreds of thousands—naturally curious to

see him in the flesh, and he happens to be a hero whose characteristics should suit the stage. For in Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's stories he is a roughly drawn, melodramatic personage, full of violent contrasts that ought to tell strongly on the boards. It happens, however, that no one is a hero to his adapter, and all the skill and experience of the authors has been insufficient to render the sea-captain heroic on the boards. Why the adapter fails so consistently to present heroically on the stage the personages of fiction or history, I do not know, for one adapter at least—our Shakspeare—succeeded as a rule; but, with rare exceptions, the attempt in other hands has resulted in what reminds one of the phrase concerning the mountain and birth of the mouse. Even "Sherlock Holmes" seemed to shrink and shrivel when he came to the Lyceum and to become little more than a melodrama detective presented on too large a scale. Kettle, at the Adelphi, is only a wind-bag; to hear him talk is to expect prodigies of valour, amazing feats of strength, and inexhaustible fertility of plan and contrivance; to see him act—I am not referring to Mr. Carson's acting—makes one ache for a pin (a long hat-pin) wherewith to prick him. Indeed, his one triumph in the piece is due to his wind-bagginess and lies in his successful stump-speech to the easily moved inhabitants of Anchuria. I presume it was and is in the nature of things that Mr. Hyne's really vigorous figure should not quite pan out on the stage, and it is right to add promptly that it does not follow that, because the Adelphi Captain is a bit of a muddler, the piece is not good of its class: "Sherlock Holmes" could be cited at once against such a proposition. For there are pieces as to the merit of which Mr. Hall Caine's criterion is sound: if they succeed, they are good, and if they fail, bad, since they merely aim at telling a thrilling story in an interesting fashion, and when they thrill and interest thousands they hit the mark. We know that Mr. Malcolm Watson and Mr. Murray Carson can succeed in more ambitious enterprises than the dramatisation of Mr. Hyne's stories, and rather regret that they have not sought them; but it would show a very narrow mind to ignore the almost necessity for melodrama, even Adelphi melodrama, essentially the drama for the people, and at its best when the drama of the people. It is not the lot of everyone to have the fabled adaptability of the elephant's trunk, and the capacity for writing higher drama does not necessarily involve the gift for telling a homely tale on the boards. The late Henry Pettitt could hold his own at the Adelphi against all comers, though if transported to the St. James's he would have seemed rather off the stage. In fact, the cart-horse is better fitted for the purpose of traction than the thoroughbred.

No doubt, by now the kindly advice of critics will have caused the authors to trim and squeeze, so that their tale will move more swiftly and not be arrested by scraps of song introduced at the wrong moment—assuming that there is a right moment. I strongly suspect that the story of the song sung by the sirens—the "words and music" of which have been an object of vast curiosity to classical students—is a mere allegory concerning the generally fatal effect of introducing songs into serious dramas. Moreover, they will have contrived to invent some scene in which the Captain exhibits more of his true self and really does something outside the compass of the ordinary man. Instead of reading the letter about William II.—apparently delivered by the postman in the middle of the French Guiana swamp—he will display an audacity and cunning that will entitle him to the love of the lovely Doña, which he so churlishly and wisely declines. My private belief is that he refuses her tempting offers because he knows that he is an impostor, and fears that when she "smokes" him her love will turn to hate and he will be put into such an opportunity as Villon's of writing a ballad to the gallows. By-the-bye, Miss Esmé Beringer gave a superb performance in the trying part of the Spanish lady.

It is not certain that the authors have been quite wise in ignoring common sense so sternly as, for instance, to show us in the second Act that Kettle is ignorant of Spanish, and cause him a few weeks later to win a throne for Clotilde simply by force of his eloquence in the dulcet tongue of Spain; nor to make him needlessly fight a Spaniard armed with a knife, and do it so chivalrously as even to abstain from using the many opportunities offered to him of giving him one on the point. Kettle ought to have known that many Spaniards—and, perhaps, Valdez among them—are able to throw a knife a few yards with deadly effect. Yet it must be remarked that the audience seems to swallow such matters easily. The performance is quite remarkable. One could not ask for a more beautiful and impressive Clotilde than Miss Esmé Beringer; Mr. Murray Carson looks Kettle to the very point of his beard; Mr. Kinghorne is very funny as McTodd; the part of Valdez is, of course, safe in Mr. Abingdon's hands; Mr. Aubrey Smith acts excellently, and, no doubt, there are others to be praised.



MISS NORA KERIN

AS ROSALIND IN THE REVIVAL OF "AS YOU LIKE IT" AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Photograph by Percy Guttenberg, Manchester. (See "Heard in the Green-Room.")

HOP-PICKERS AND HOP-PICKING.

THERE is something distinctly fascinating about the picking of hops and in the whole industry connected with their growth and preparation for the market, though the hop-pickers themselves are not always particularly attractive. Once the habit of going to the hop-country is acquired, it would seem to be even more difficult to break



TYPICAL HOP-PICKERS AT WORK.

it off than to abjure the delights of that beverage in which the catkins or strobiles of the female plant—consisting of membranous scales, each containing at the base two small seeds surrounded by a yellow granular powder—are supposed to be one of the chief ingredients. Certain it is that the hop-pickers return year after year to their labour, and look forward with delight to the annual outing as to something in the nature of a holiday.

Nor is this attitude limited to the hop-pickers of our own country, for it is one of the distinguishing characteristics of those in America. Only in August last, for instance, the magistrates in New York were constantly being petitioned by prisoners in certain workhouses for their liberty, the reason given for seeking this clemency being that the unfortunates wanted to go and pick hops. Certainly the life is ideal from the hygienic point of view, for from sunrise to sunset the picker lives in the open air, and the oxygen, combined with the sun, renovates constitutions that have been sorely tried by the conditions under which existence is supported during the rest of the year.

Indeed, many a sick man has been brought back to health and a mental and physical alertness of which he had long despaired through taking his place and working by the side of men and women whom, under ordinary circumstances, he would not touch with the traditional hop-pole; for the hop-pickers, as a class, are not renowned for that refinement, either of mind or body, which makes for pleasant companionship. As a matter of fact, they are among the roughest of the rough, and their room would ordinarily be preferred to their company, though they probably have their good points, even if to discover them "you have got to know them first."

Dead to all sense of the picturesque in Nature must he be who cannot delight in the exquisite colour of the vines clambering, in different shades of green, up the poles, and hanging from wires stretched from one pole to another to give support to the extending tendrils, for there is scarcely any more beautiful sight to be seen than a hop-garden ready for the pickers.

Each worker or set of workers is supplied with a basket capable of holding some seven bushels. With this, the pickers, including not only old men and maidens, but young men with their wives and little children, take their place in the field, through which the overseer, armed with a bill, goes ever and anon to cut the vine free from the supporting wires, so that the pickers may strip it as it lies in a heap by the basket. The children also bring their more slowly gathered contributions, rejoicing the while in the proud consciousness that they

are "'elplin' Favver and Muvver," for even rough children, ignorant of aspirates and knowing nothing of a final "g," have their softer and tenderer side.

At certain intervals, men go round and tip the contents of the baskets into sacks, which they take with them for the purpose. For this reason these men are always known among the pickers as "tippers." Before removing the hops, an accurate estimate is made of the quantity in the basket, in order that the labourer's pay may be assessed, the regular rate of wages being about twopence-halfpenny per bushel, so that every full basket means an addition of nearly eighteenpence to the fortunes of the picker. The sacks, when full, are carried off to a corner of the field; there they are loaded on to a waggon, to be conveyed to the kilns where they are dried, and, for very obvious reasons, an overseer is present to record the number of sacks placed on each cart. The treatment of the hops after they have been gathered and taken to the kiln is one involving no little trouble, skill, and judgment, for they have not only to be dried, but bleached, for which purpose sulphur is used, the fires having to be tended all through the night and the sulphur poured on when necessary.

The dried and bleached hops are next shovelled into a steel cylinder, in which is a stout bag of the same diameter as that of the cylinder and about the same length. Into this bag a sort of ramrod or press works. As shovelful after shovelful is poured into the bag, the machinery is brought into operation; a great pressure is exerted on the hops, so that they become caked together, and by the time the bag is full it feels as hard as a rock, each bag turning the scale within a pound of 200 lb. These bags, when filled, are known as "hop-pockets," a phrase which often puzzles the lay reader, and as hop-pockets they are taken from the store-house where they are weighed in order to be sent to the brewer to whom they have been sold.

Although of comparatively little importance from any point of view other than the manufacture of beer, in which form, taken with meals, it has often been prescribed in certain cases of dyspepsia by regular physicians, the hop-plant, which rejoices in the botanical name of *Humulus lupulus*, belongs to the same family as the Indian hemp which produces such marked exhilaration of the spirits, and in time its use becomes a habit as overwhelming in its effect as is that of opium, coca, or other drugs used to stimulate the brain.

For a long time, hops, in the form of an infusion, a tincture, and an extract, have been recognised in the British Pharmacopœia as possessing tonic and stomachic as well as slightly narcotic qualities. For the obtaining of the last-named effect, however, the hops are generally utilised in the form of a pillow. Otherwise, it must be confessed, they are not so much used as they might be—a fact, by the way, on which certain alarmists insisted some time ago with regard to beer.



A HOP-POCKET JUST TAKEN FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE PRESS.

HOP-PICKERS AND HOP-PICKING.



A CORNER OF THE HOP-GARDENS, SHOWING POLES NEARLY STRIPPED.



THE OVERSEER CUTS THE VINE FREE FROM THE WIRES WITH HIS BILL-HOOK.



THE "TIPPERS" EMPTY THE BASKETS INTO SACKS.



THE SACKS ARE THEN CONVEYED TO THE KILN.



AFTER DRYING AND BLEACHING, THE HOPS ARE SHOVELLED INTO THE POCKET IN THE PRESS.



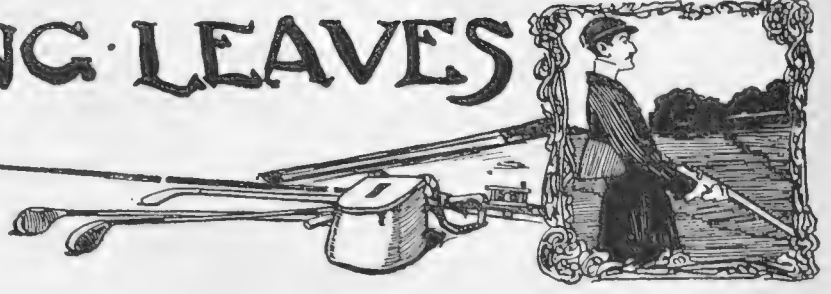
THE POCKETS ARE THEN WEIGHED IN THE STORE-HOUSE WHERE THEY AWAIT THE COMING OF THE BREWER.

Photographs by F. J. Mortimer.



SPORTING LEAVES

FROM: THE
DIARY: OF:
AN: ACTIVE
AUTUMN



IX.—THE WIND AND THE RAIN.

IT is time to say good-bye to the moors and roughs, to pack the rods and leave the burn, now swollen out of all its summer proportions. The season of strong rain and heavy wind has set in, the air is raw and cold. Roughs and moors may be left alone, for the grouse cannot even be stalked, and only the finest shots can hope to stop them



I COULD GET ONLY WITHIN SIXTY YARDS.

at the butts as they whirl over down wind. In a few days—a very few days, if the stormy weather continues—they will begin to pack; they are quite wild already, and the suggestion that they may be shot as late as the 10th of December becomes quite amusing, so far as it relates to this part of the country, in any case. The blue hares of the hilltops are beginning to change colour and will be pure white ere long.

How great and sudden the change appears! When the man from the South comes to Scotland in August, he finds the country at its best, indescribably beautiful; if he would retain the impression, he must leave before October is out or be in sufficiently good physical condition to face the severe weather, the piercing wind and driving rain that lead to the full winter, the days when the roads are snow-bound and the trains and post are irregular, and the farm-labourers cannot go out on to the fields and are compelled to work in the outhouses. Already the harvest is gathered in, only a few root-crops remain; the fields are ploughed, the bloom is off the heather, and all the colour has gone from the land, giving the countryside a bleak, desolate look, while the great clouds drift all the day over the face of the sun, and at night one hears nothing but the sighing of the wind and the endless lashing of the rain against the windows. Even the hilltops are invisible; the "labouring clouds" are resting there, and seem disposed to make the rest a long one.

Down on the lowlands, where we go in the rare intervals of better weather, the game is plentiful and very wild. The close of the harvest has sent the pheasants into the woods, where they have yielded two or three good drives; the brown hare seeks shelter there too, and if you want the rabbits, you must e'en use ferrets—they will not lie out in the wet, small blame to them. All the woodland growths save the evergreens are losing their leaves; each blast that rattles through the wood makes the place more desolate, and the roebuck has gone away. Since the evening when he came so suddenly and silently out of the corn, I have seen him but once, busy among the turnips.

My spy-glass revealed him as I sat on the hillside, half-a-mile away, scouring the surrounding country, and, though I made a most careful journey against the wind, I could get only within sixty yards, and at that distance a shot-gun might have wounded—it could not have killed. So I held my fire, the roebuck went off as hard as he could go, and I have seen no more of him. I noticed that the colour of his coat had changed; it was darker, and probably thicker in texture. The green plover have left the fields for the coast; I miss their curious cry and sudden flight. Song-birds are silent; though large numbers are to be seen round the house, feeding on the pieces that are liberally provided for them, they do not sing. It is interesting to note how the denizens of field and wood assume warmer covering and darker tints as the cold weather approaches, and how they all tend to come towards the house when there is not much food in their own districts. At the time when they assume their winter habits, the lads who work on the land round here resume the boots and stockings they discarded when summer began.

The turnip-fields are full of game just now; the clearing of the cornfields and gathering in of the sheaves have sent hares, partridges, and even a few grouse, there, though, in this connection, it should be mentioned that some of those fields stretch up the hill to the edge of the moorland. The presence of fur and feather among the roots does not help sport much, for the turnip-fields are not approached by any covered way, and their visitors are quick to see strangers and to avoid them. Perhaps the best sport for a single gun is obtained by walking through the groves, the young plantations that will be woods a few years hence and are still open enough to afford a straight shot, while they are sufficiently protected from the worst weather to attract game. Yet, the chance shooting, however successful, is not pleasant when the ground and undergrowth are like a full sponge, the trees are dripping, and the light is dull.

Northwards, the sport is waning; the great stags go about in diminished numbers, but free from care; the rifle has been laid aside, and, their brief season of trial and trouble over, they will be reaping the benefits of the care and attention given to the modern deer-forest. From the coast come good reports of wild-fowl shooting—a spell of hard weather has driven the birds inland. Down South, on the other hand, there will be milder weather; the delightful days of late autumn and early winter in the Southern counties may not be overlooked.

Pack, then, and say good-bye to friends, in the hope of meeting when August comes again, and drive down to the station in the blinding rain, that seems determined to make the last impression of the country an unpleasant one. It scarcely seems the same countryside we knew on arrival from town—colour and shape and aspect have all changed. But it has been a splendid season, something to be grateful for in many ways, and it sends us back to the great Metropolis and to other sport near home in the best possible condition.



TO THE STATION IN THE BLINDING RAIN

S. L. BENSUSAN.

WITH THE ROTHSCHILD STAGHOUNDS: SOME TYPICAL SCENES.

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")



AN OCTOBER MEET.

WAITING FOR THE MASTER.

THE STIRRUP-CUP AT PARK HILL, TRING.

FRED COX (FORTY-FIVE YEARS WITH THE ROTHSCHILD HOUNDS).

A MEET AT PENDLEY MANOR.

AT IIVINGHOE, WHERE MR. AND MRS. ROBERTS ENTERTAIN THE FIELD.

HOMeward BOUND: TROTTING THROUGH BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LANES.

NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

III.—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S HOME AT OYSTER BAY.

THOUGH the home of President Roosevelt is not exactly in New York City, still New Yorkers are very proud of boasting that "Teddy Roosevelt" lives "just around the corner" from New York. The Oyster Bay residence of the President is really one of the sights of New York, and many a country cousin from the distant West refuses to leave the metropolis until he has seen "where the President was raised."

The father of the President, when little "Theodore" was but seven years old, resolved to bring up his son in the country. The Roosevelts were then living in the Twenty-Third Street district of New York. President Roosevelt himself, as a boy, was very delicate, and at one time it was feared that he would pine away and die. He took little pleasure in the amusement or athletic sports of his companions, and the life in the crowded city seemed to be eating away his vitality.

It was at this period that the Roosevelt family moved to Long Island, the strip of land which lies between New York City and the Atlantic Ocean and which is separated from the city by the East River. The change from the city to the country at once wrought wonders in young Roosevelt. He took long walks across the undulating country, had horses to ride and boats to row, and in a few years his health was entirely built up. The President has often attributed the remarkable health he subsequently enjoyed to the removal of the family to Oyster Bay.

At Oyster Bay, President Roosevelt has reared all his family of sturdy children, and for this country home—which the President now uses as a summer resort—he has always felt the deepest attachment. Oyster Bay is a very short journey from New York on the Long Island Railroad. Of course, the traveller to the President's home first crosses the East River on one of the ferries, or by way of Brooklyn Bridge. On reaching Oyster Bay, one sees a few straggling houses by the side of the water, which is an inlet of Long Island Sound.

The President's home is not at Oyster Bay proper, but five miles distant therefrom. Many carriages are always waiting at the Oyster Bay Station to convey passengers to the President's home for the modest sum of three shillings. The most striking feature about the President's home is its absolute lack of formality. Any quiet-looking stranger, respectably dressed, may walk right up to the front-door and ring the electric bell without molestation.

When the President is summering at Oyster Bay, he does so only in the character of the Man, leaving the Presidential dignity entirely behind. You may see him in the early mornings walking about the grounds with his son, "Teddy junior," poking about in the shrubbery and teaching his boy—who is more of a comrade than a son—all the wood-lore he knows. The President, through his camp and hunting life, knows every tree and bush, and the calls of all the birds.

He is an early riser at Oyster Bay, and, after breakfasting about 7.30 a.m., spends an hour or two on horseback, often accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, who is an excellent horsewoman. The President on these rides returns the cheery salutation, "Good-morning, Mr. President," of any wayfarer who may address him with a loud "Howdy?" and a salute of his wide-brimmed hat.

After the ride, President Roosevelt dons an old suit of outing flannel or white duck, and is "ready for business." He pitches into his correspondence with Secretary Cortelyou's assistance. He is a very rapid worker and despatches a vast amount of business between the hours of ten and twelve. At twelve o'clock, the President partakes of a light lunch, and then receives his numerous visitors. He shakes hands with everyone, from the politician "with an object" to the

countryman who has come up to talk about crops. Politicians who come to Oyster Bay to get favours from the President very often meet with rather unpleasant experiences. The President does not allow himself to be "taken aside," and when anyone talks to him in a low



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON THE VERANDAH OF HIS HOUSE.

voice the President is sure to answer in stentorian tones. Bystanders may not hear, perhaps, what has been asked of the President, but they can soon tell, from his loud response and abrupt shake of the head, what has been said. The President does not encourage political callers to come to his home in the country, though he is very glad to meet anyone who has nothing "up his sleeve," as Americans say when they refer to an ulterior motive.

Though Theodore Roosevelt junior is more constantly with the President at Oyster Bay than any of the other children, his distinguished father takes great delight in the younger son, Kermet, who is constantly asking questions. A romp with the children on the lawn near the house is one of the President's favourite amusements in the afternoon.

The life led by President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay is extremely simple. He is a moderate lover of pleasure, but since becoming President has foregone many of his amusements. Extremely fond of open-air life, he spends most of his time riding horseback, rowing, or sailing on Long Island Sound. The waters of the Sound are within a stone's-throw of "Sagamore Hill," the name of the President's summer home.

The interior of the President's home is furnished in very quiet, rather plain taste, the only elaborate decorations being the buffalo-heads, deer-antlers, and bearskins—trophies of the President's sporting prowess—which one finds in nearly every room. The Roosevelt dwelling is a rather rambling wooden affair, with Mansard roof and vine-clad porches. Both outwardly and inwardly it is very unpretentious. The President's sleeping-room and that of the family is on the second floor, and the windows command a fine outlook over the water. Young Theodore has a room to himself in an angle of the building. Here he keeps his numerous guns, hunting traps, and fishing tackle. His sisters are never allowed to enter this sacred apartment.—W. D. NORTHROP.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S SEASIDE HOME, SAGAMORE HILL.

Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.

NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

III.—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S HOME AT OYSTER BAY.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.



THE LIBRARY AND STUDY.

Photographs by Lazarnick, New York.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A unique anthology, providing a poetical epitome of the world's history, is to be published this autumn. It is entitled "Every Day in the Year," and contains a collection of nearly eight hundred poems based upon the idea that every day in the year is the anniversary of some event that has been commemorated in appropriate verse. The book, I am told, "is designed for lovers of poetry and students of history, both old and young; for teachers, lecturers, and those who are called upon from time to time for an after-dinner speech or recitation; and, above all, for those who enjoy and appreciate the best of English poetry."

What makes men fight? This is a question asked by the Russian General Skobelev in Mr. Frederic Villiers' new volume, "Pictures of Many Wars." It seems from the replies that the motive varies with the nationality. Speaking of the Turks, the General remarked—

"I wonder why those men fight like fiends?"

"It's probably their fanaticism," I replied. . . . "Then," I pointed out, "your men are just as fanatical. They fight for their particular God, the Great White Czar, and Holy Russia."

"Yes, that's so," laughed Skobelev. Then, turning to his French guest, "And you, Monsieur—what do you fight for?"

Gesticulating, as some Frenchmen will, he sprang up, posed heroically, and said, "Ah! Pour la gloire!"

"Bravo! And now, you English?"

"Well, probably the greatest aspiration of all."

"Vat's dat?" smiled the Frenchman.

"Why, British interests, of course," said I.

Both he and Skobelev laughed heartily at this.

Mr. Villiers was to some extent a self-educated war-artist, for in his boyhood he used his enforced leisure in drawing on a school slate regiments of soldiers with fixed bayonets, in acute profile. His first serious work on the field, however, was in the war of Servia against Turkey in 1876, when he met Archibald Forbes and many less pleasing persons. Mr. Villiers has been on the war-path all his life, with very short intervals, and his book is a most valuable and readable record of a crowded career.

Dr. Charles Frederic Goss, whose first novel, "The Redemption of David Corson," created considerable sensation a year or two ago, has written a new book entitled "The Loom of Life."

Mr. W. D. Howells's new book will be entitled "Literature and Life," and will be a record of personal impressions. Mr. Howells in his Introduction says that he has never been able to see much difference "in what seemed to him literature and what seemed to him life." If he has not found life in what professed to be literature, he has "disabled its profession," and he is never quite sure of life unless he finds literature in it. His new book, therefore, will contain several purely literary essays, Mr. Howells's impressions on visiting a dime museum and the Horse Show and Sarah Bernhardt's "Hamlet."

"How to Sing," by Madame Lilli Lehmann, the well-known prima donna, will soon be published by Messrs. Macmillan. The volume will contain a complete exposition of the principles of the art, which she has developed for her own use and which are the foundation of her success. The book will also contain a number of anecdotes of various singers, especially some detailed critical comment on and explanation of the methods of Patti, Melba, Sembrich, Wachtel, Betz,

and many others, which will not only be interesting to serious students, but to amateurs and the general musical public.

I look forward with much interest to the publication of "Stories of Authors' Loves," by Clara E. Laughlin, which will be issued shortly in two handsome volumes with many portraits, etc. Miss Laughlin is an American, and it will be most interesting to see how she has managed to deal with the subject, which is as difficult as it is absorbing.

A recent book which is interesting to Londoners and has already won approval from many quarters is "An Australian Girl in London," written in the form of letters. The writer appears to possess a nature open to varied impressions; she is able to appreciate the many Londons—the London of art, of business, of poetry, of pleasure. She is occasionally a little florid in expression; but she is observant and kind, and her very first impression of London was "that it looks so clean." The volume gives a singularly fresh outside view of our many-sided city life.

A volume of hitherto unpublished stories by the late William Black is to be issued by Messrs. Sampson Low this autumn. The title will be "The Eyes of Youth, and Other Tales." o. o.

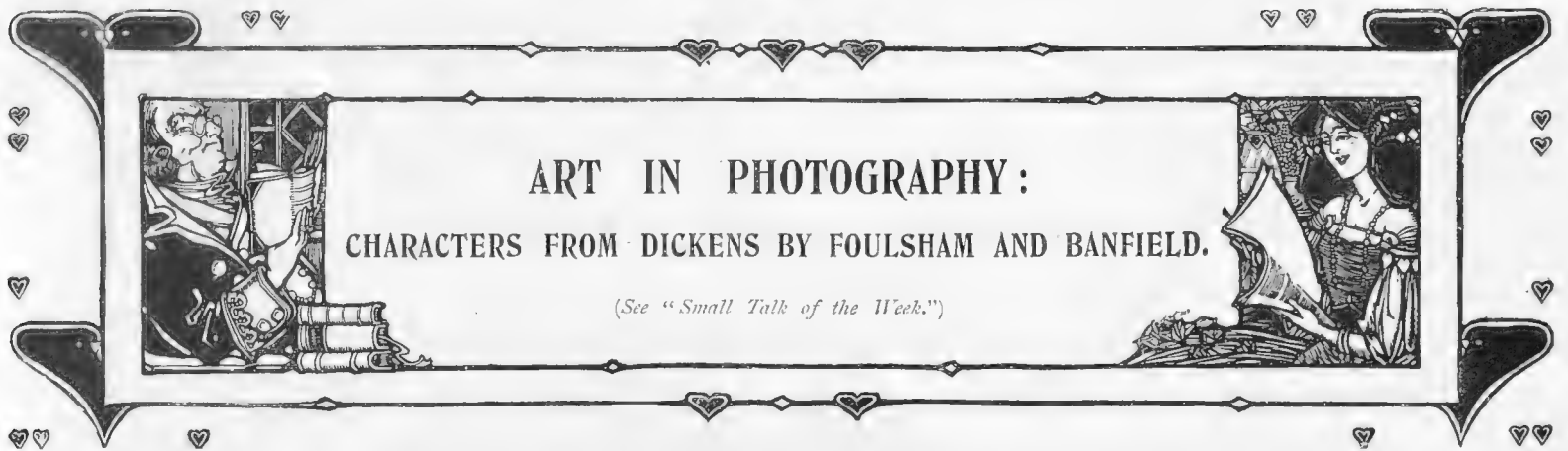
THE MODERN GALLERY.

A pleasing collection of landscapes and seascapes is that now on view at the Modern Gallery, Bond Street, several artists being represented, while picturesque localities in various parts of the world are illustrated. Mr. Percy Heard appears to advantage in some diversified examples, which include richly coloured "Roses," a sketch of an arch, and, what is perhaps his best work in the present show, "A Wintry Sea," which, with its subdued colouring of violet and grey-green, seems to convey something of one of Nature's moods. There is also another strong marine painting, namely, "The Wine-Dark Sea," in which Mr. John Fraser has felt the movement of the water and its effective colour influenced by a luminous evening sky. His "Study of Surf" is clever and attractive too. The work of Mr. T. Hale Sanders, Mr. F. Ogilvie, Mr. A. Glendinning, and others, will also be appreciated.

There is a separate show in the same gallery, comprising "Glimpses of Many Lands," by Miss Sophia Woods, and "Queensland Scenery," by Mr. R. J. Randall. Miss Woods has travelled far and has recorded her impressions with much assiduity. She is, I take it, a self-taught painter, and, though considerably gifted, especially in the colour-sense, her work gives frequent evidence of a want of training. She struggles with difficulties that would not be difficulties to a trained hand, and one feels that she has seldom succeeded in satisfying herself. Still, her collection is interesting in its varied illustration of strange scenes. Mr. Randall, the Queensland artist, has much more knowledge, due, no doubt, to his Paris training, and his representations of the characteristic scenery of Queensland have an artistic value, besides the interest that they derive from this picturesque Colony. Such a show should surely attract those who have been to or have relatives in Queensland. We do not see our Colonial artists often enough, and Mr. Randall is to be welcomed.



KIND CARICATURES. III.—MR. H. V. ESMOND,
AUTHOR OF "MY LADY VIRTUE."



IX.—NEWMAN NOGGS ("NICHOLAS NICKLEBY").

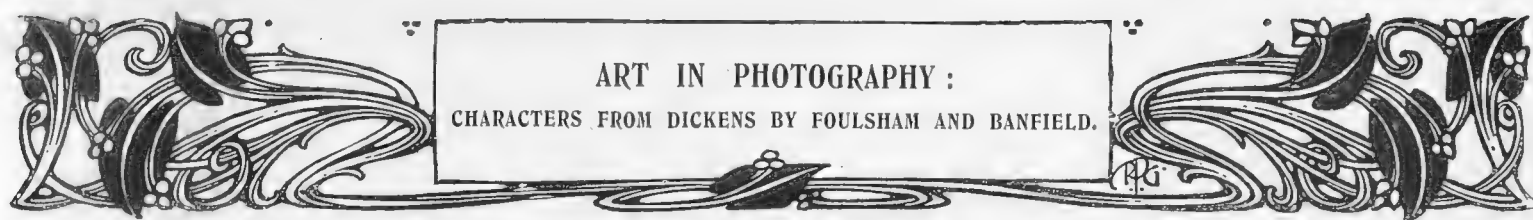
"Nickleby! I served you faithfully. I served you because I was proud; because I was a lonely man with you, and there were no other drudges to see my degradation; and because nobody knew better than you that I was a ruined man—that I hadn't always been what I am."

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD.



X.—BILL SIKES ("OLIVER TWIST").

"None of your 'Mistering'—you always mean mischief when you come that. You know my name—Bill Sikes—out with it! I shan't disgrace it when the time comes."

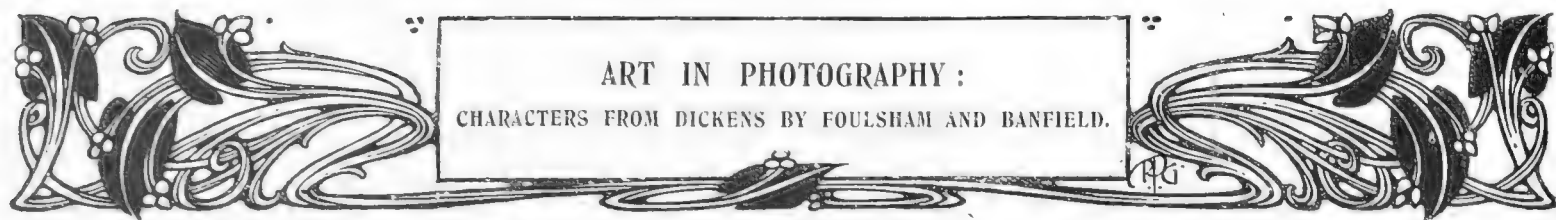


ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD.



XI.—BARNABY RUDGE.

"Ha, ha! Why, how much better to be silly than as wise as you! You don't see shadowy people there, like those that live in sleep—not you. . . . I lead a merrier life than you, with all your cleverness."



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD.



XII.—MONTAGUE TIGG ("MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT").

"And so, Sir—not for myself, who have no claim upon you, but for my crushed, my sensitive, and independent friend, who has—I ask the loan of three half-crowns, distinctly and without a blush. I ask it almost as a right."

THREE NEW NOVELS.

"THE TRAITORS."

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.
(Ward, Lock. 6s.)

The audacity of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim in undertaking to write the history of yet another imaginary State in Eastern Europe is equalled only by the plausibility with which he has performed his task. In Theos there flourishes a less deft form of epigram than in Ruritania, but there is quite as much adventure of the headlong kind. Mr. Oppenheim finds his little State at a moment when an attempt at Republican government has ignominiously failed, and when the people are clamouring for a King. The patriotic Duke of Reist has the crown within his grasp and his sister Marie urges him to seize the opportunity; but Reist's loyalty to the exiled House of Tyrnaus bids him refrain, and he goes secretly to London, to seek out the last of the ancient line, Ughtred, who has, under the name of Captain Erlito, distinguished himself under the British flag in the Soudan. He finds Erlito in plain bachelor chambers, playing badminton with Sara van Decht, heiress of a sagacious Chicago millionaire, who, with Brand, a journalist, and Hassen, a Turkish secret agent, is numbered among Erlito's intimates. At this point Reist shows his hand rather too much, but that, perhaps, is necessary to set the story agoing. Once started, it flies. Reist and the Prince make a perilous journey to Theos, and, chiefly by the address of Brand, the Special Correspondent, Ughtred is proclaimed and crowned. But the new King, in ignorance of old custom, invites Countess Marie Reist to drink with him from a cup which means betrothal. Of Marie he has no thought, for there is Sara van Decht, and the fancied slight alienates the Countess and her brother the Duke. Russian intrigue does the rest, the Turks invade Theos, and but for the brilliant letters of Brand to his paper and a battery of quick-firers, Sara's coronation present to her lover, Ughtred would have been ranked with the Kings of a day. But for the unravelling of this tangle the reader must go to Mr. Oppenheim's pages. The book is not the highest art, but it is of its kind vastly entertaining, if just a little too surprising here and there.

"THE HEAD OF THE HOUSEHOLD."

By THOMAS COBB.
(Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

New book though it is, Mr. Thomas Cobb's latest volume is not likely to cause that besieging of the circulating libraries by literary dowagers and their grand-daughters of which Hazlitt writes so bitterly in one of his most caustic essays. However important such commonplace love-affairs as those dealt with by Mr. Cobb may be to the participants, they are certainly powerless to hold the interest of the onlooker, and it is surprising that an experienced novelist should suppose them to be calculated to stimulate or entertain that easily pleased but not wholly uncritical person, the average reader. "The Head of the Household" is a book of trivialities: page follows page, and chapter chapter, of prosaic dialogue, seldom relieved by even an attempted epigram.

Micawber-like, but without that impressible gentleman's optimism, the reader is continually waiting for something to turn up, and he is continually disappointed; the monotony remains unbroken to the end. There is an art in telling a story, whether long or short, and the key-note of the art is a frequently recurring stimulus to the interest and sympathy. Given that, and unless the narrative, like Tennyson's "brook," goes on for ever, the reader is neither quick to complain nor eager to seem captious. But, unfortunately, Mr. Cobb's novel is not fertile in these inspired and inspiring moments, and so the sentiment of the reader rarely, if ever, rises above the level of a placid contemplation of the unexciting incidents of which the story is so largely composed.

"DONOVAN PASHA."

By SIR GILBERT
PARKER.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

This is a collection of short stories, in nearly all of which appears Donovan Pasha — "Little Dicky Donovan" — the English Secretary of the Khedive Ismail, and "there was no man in Egypt of so much importance" as he. This is not the first time that Sir Gilbert has published a book of short stories, and those who recall the vigour, variety, and general picturesqueness of "Pierre and his People" will turn to this new volume of *contes* with high expectation, nor will they find themselves disappointed. "Donovan Pasha" is a rich book — rich in romance, in drama, in suggestion, all enhanced by their being set against the wonderful and in a sense novel background of Egypt. In "A Tyrant and a Lady," Sir Gilbert makes one of his characters say, "Egypt is the saddest, most beautiful, most mysterious place in the world. . . . Egypt is the lost child of Creation — the dear, pitiful waif of genius and mystery of the world. She has kept the calendar of the ages — has outlasted all other nations, and remains the same as they change and pass. She has been the watcher of the world, the one who looks on, and suffers, as the rest

of the nations struggle for and wound her in their turn." Certainly, in these stories this author shows Egypt as one of the finest fields for fiction in the world. In an interesting Foreword he tells us that this volume is an *avant courier*, making ready the way for a novel of Egyptian life on which he has been working for years. As stories, the stories are excellent, and the novel they prelude will be looked forward to with interest.

We reproduce on this page the portrait of a particularly pretty Gibson girl in a pensive mood. It is taken from "The Gibson Calendar" for 1903, in which the twelve months of the year are illustrated by especially clever examples of this well-known artist's work. Apart from execution, the most amusing may be said to be the drawing for November, which illustrates a very humorous episode. The calendar is of a sufficiently large size to show off the artist's work to the best advantage, and it will, no doubt, be a very popular one.



THE GIBSON GIRL.

Reproduced by permission of James Henderson and Sons from "The Gibson Calendar, 1903."



A HINT FOR MOTORISTS.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

THE SEVEN AGES OF A DUTCHMAN.

BY TOM BROWNE.



I.—“THE INFANT, MEWLING AND PUKING IN THE NURSE'S ARMS.”

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE MELODRAMATIST.

By R. E. VERNÈDE.

Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.



"A FIRE, attended with loss of life, broke out last night at 116, Southden Road, E.C. (oilman's), from some cause unknown. Seven fire-engines were shortly in attendance, but the flames, fed by the oil, had obtained such a mastery that little could be effected beyond preventing the spread of the fire to the neighbouring buildings. The whole interior is gutted; the damage, however, being covered, we understand, by insurance. A passer-by lost his life in attempting the rescue of a child."

So much for the report in the morning newspaper. It was docked, apparently, to give a leaderette-writer the opportunity of describing the affair in purple language. For it was Sudley Kent who had lost his life—Sudley Kent, the playwright—and the popularity of his name made more than worth while that half-column on "Heroism—On the Stage and Off." Kent was pictured as one of his own heroes—imperturbable, reckless, ignorant of fear, striding into the flames with a sort of Nelsonian announcement that "England expected," &c. To have described him as entering that furnace in a cocked-hat or tights could not well have been more absurd. I knew that when I read the article, and later I knew it better. The matter was that the stuff lent so ironical an interest to his death. Only a few hours before—on the very night of the fire, in fact—Kent had been dining with me. I had a great admiration for him—for the man and for his work. To look at, he was less like a stage hero than anyone I could conceive, being wretchedly thin, stooping—shuffling almost—with slow limbs and an appearance of one who has forgotten that he is his own motive-power.

He was not in good spirits at dinner, or he would hardly have spoken so much of his own work as he did. As a rule, he was reserved—not of those who thrust their daily chapter or verse down the throats of their friends—and scornful of praise, in a silent fashion. Then, however, he kept referring to his work disparagingly.

"Sometimes it sickens me," he said.

"Becoming famous?"

"Becoming a maker of artificialities, setting continuous puppets a-dance, criticising life—from the point of view of a man with a pen who wants to earn his bottle of Burgundy. . . . This is excellent, by the way."

"Thank'ee," I said.

It was characteristic of the man that he had no knowledge of wines. Whatever he wanted to earn, it was not Burgundy. Nor was it praise, as I found out when I went on to remark that, for my own part, I had never seen cause to consider him an exponent of the merely artificial.

He laughed at that.

"Sir," he said, "what profit the flatteries of a friend when a man's self-contempt is slapping him in the face? I'm a melodramatist. You know what that means. I arrange my gay cavaliers with a dainty lady to each—for those a sword, for these a kerchief. I set them in any century you please, and mix them up with love and death in the excellent old recognisable style. Bah! Sprightly dialogue with a dagger in the ribs; touching appeal to the gallery from a man in his death-throes; song to Her eyebrows—adjunct, a broken leg; situation, the bottom of a crevasse! You know the ingredients. . . . Tell me the value of them."

I told him he was exaggerating, and mentioned some dramatic critique I had read somewhere in which the melodramatist was eulogised as keeping alive the elemental virtues.

"Ideals of the Stone Age," said Kent, scoffing; "and they were conventions then."

"You make life more heroic," I said.

"More magniloquent, twaddling, false, of less interest than it is," he burst out. "Who would give twopence to know in the flesh the

hero who was never afraid, always successful? Not I; not you. Even the boy who could not shudder—in the fairy-tale—was insufferable and had to be broken of his cold-bloodedness. I tell you, man, a melodramatist is a humbug."

"And you'd turn him out of your ideal city?"

"Why not? Look at me; I have killed my hundreds, and never seen a man die—not even in his bed. What is it—what's it like when a man is taken suddenly? Does he laugh, cry, howl——?"

He flung away from the table, growling that he must get back, for he had to kill three villains by a novel method before he went to

bed—"I, who have never seen even a fight!"

I offered to accompany him part of the way back, and spoke sententiously of the selection necessary to every art—at some length. We had got to the Embankment, I remember, when I began to speak of the limitations of his particular subject—melodrama—but he would not listen.

"It's all limitation," he said. "Look at the river!"

He pointed to it, moving slowly downwards under a very thin grey mist. It moved so strongly that it seemed to force the arches of the bridge at Blackfriars, as if they were redoubts held by a half-hearted enemy. It moved silently, too, and a cork went with it and a piece of hay and a floating rubble—insignificant flotsam somehow remembered. On the other bank, low mud-heaps settled about immobile barges that bulked like rocks, with here and there a lighter vessel, funnelled or with masts. Fog shut in the horizon just beyond them.

"Too much fog," said Kent. "Good-night."

So we parted, for the night, as I supposed, since I was to see him again next morning by arrangement. He must have turned into Fleet Street and gone East under the gas-lights, and so, possibly still thinking of his work, reached Southden Street.

"What's it like when a man is taken suddenly?"

That question of Kent's kept recurring to me all the morning, and the leaderette gave no answer. "Too much fog," Kent would have said of it. Painfully ironical, in any case. And, just because of it, I wanted to know more exactly the way of his end. I had the fancy that it would be too glaringly unjust if he died melodramatically.

It was by a piece of luck that, outside the very scene of the fire, I discovered an old man who had been present at the whole affair. He had come to watch the charred and blackened embers of the oilman's shop, together with a few other loungers, as though the ruin formed some triumphant handiwork of his own. His presence on the previous night had given him something of the pride of a showman. He was a part of all that he had seen consumed and fallen away to ashes in so brief a time, and he spoke garrulously, disconnectedly, with a pomp that seems to afflict the simplest person when interviewed concerning some catastrophe.

"Yuss," he announced, "I seed it all. I was among the fust myself. A dark night it was, as you might say."

He moistened his lips in anticipation of a patient hearing.

"You are sure you saw Mr. Kent?" I asked.

"Eggs is eggs," said the old man; "an' if the genelman is him wot went up the ladder——?"

"Yes."

"Then I seed 'im among the fust. There warn't many, an' the engines not 'eard of at that time. . . . Now, if I was a fireman—— Eh? Why did I notice 'im? 'Cos 'e stood in the road a-jibberin' to 'isself."

"He had a habit of thinking aloud," I said, nodding.

"Seemed to," said the old man. "Jibberin', I calls it. Wot about? Summat o' this sort: 'Slow smoke—swift fire—tongues o' fire—sarpints,' all about 'ow they twisted. That's wot 'e was a-sayin'——"

I recognised Kent in that, trying to arrive at the right word, the word to match the impression. Later on, it is presumable, words failed him.

"I'd swear to them in a jury," said the old man, hastily, seeming to think that I had looked doubtful. "I thought 'e was 'arf-asleep at fust—kind o' night-walkin'—an' throw'd off 'is 'ead by the flames; talkin' o' sarpints like that. But, I dessay, bein' a lit'ry gent, as you says 'e was, 'e took a little time to collect 'isself."

"I dare say," I said.

"Li'try gents ain't like captings an' hossifiers, ready to horder everybody right an' lef'."

'That was true enough. They spend their lives in ordering their fancies mostly, which does not make for action.

"Consikintly, 'e looked a cod-fish till the woman bust out shriekin', 'My byby, my byby!'

"'A child left . . . in the house?' says 'e, wakin' up a little at that.

"'Top-floor—Oh, my byby!' she yelps.

"'Ah! . . . top-floor!'

"'That was what 'e said, in a uneasy, slinkin' kind o' voice, an' I seed 'im lookin' about as if 'e'd 'ad enough an' was thinkin' o' trottin'. There was smoke crumplin' out o' the winder where she kep' p'intin' to—a lick o' flame too; in fac', it was pretty plain to me as she'd better give up thinkin' about 'er byby. An' I said so. . . Jus' then, some men run up a ladder to the winder, but, the fire comin' out of it now an' agen, there wasn't nobody liked to go up. The woman kep' shriekin', 'Save 'im!' an' 'Cowards, save my byby!' Several folks patted 'er on the shoulder. I did meself. Then I see that the genelman—your friend, you say—'adn't gone. 'E was makin' for the ladder.

"'Save 'im!' There she was, a-shriekin' agen, as if she 'adn' got plenty of 'em.

"'Hold the ladder, will you, please?' says the genelman.

"'You ain't a fool?' says I, though, 'aving 'eard 'im jibber, I warn't by no means sartin.

"'I dunno,' says 'e. 'But hold the ladder!'

"Well, we 'eld it, me an' some others, an' 'e went up. 'E was still 'a-jibberin', an' I 'eard 'im say, 'Now, is this mellydrama?' I understood, from the disgust apparent in the old man's tones, that Sudley Kent had not done the deed of his life in the grand manner.

"It wasn't like that, I suppose?" I said.

"Mellydrama? Well, 'e wasn't much of a acrybat, though quicker'n I expected, 'avin' seen 'im dozy. Mind you, 'e was a lot smarter'n any o' they acting chaps as I see onst rescuin' some woinin out of a cardboard 'ouse in a theayter, but not much style. In course, it were different, me 'oldin the ladder all the time. . . I dunno—gimme a seat an' a norange." He paused, in order to fill in the

scene with these dramatic properties and to contrast it with his ideas of the dramatic. "No," he resumed, "it warn't much like the theayter."

That was the view of the man at the bottom of the ladder—one of those ancient Londoners whose quick wit goes in ineffectual criticisms of the surface. He was willing—eager, indeed—to contribute further details, but I saw that they were born of his imagination and calculated to enhance his own importance, and I left him.

In the end, I was enabled to supplement my facts by calling on the fireman whose engine had been first on the scene—who himself had been in, as it were, at the death. I found him among the

strange engines of his craft, shining-faced under a row of shining brass helmets, and polishing away as if his life depended on polishing.

When I asked if he could tell me anything of what happened, he became a little reserved and told me he was new to the work.

"Not but what I've seen a man killed afore," he said, apologetically.

"This was different, was it?"

"Nastier," he said.

It appears that, almost directly after Kent had vanished into the room, the first engine arrived, the fire-escape following. This young man, therefore, had used the escape ladder, and not the one already there. When he reached the top, almost as soon as he looked into the fuming place, Kent came staggering out of smoke to the window. A child was in his arms.

"Hand it here," said the fireman, quickly, seeing that Kent was more than half-dazed, and it was handed without a word more.

He took it under one arm and

turned to give Kent a hand. Even where he stood, outside the window, the fire was stifling hot. Kent had paused to get breath, and, for that purpose, steadied himself by putting his hand on the window-ledge. At the shrivelling heat of it, he gave back, with a cry, violently. The floor, eaten by the lower flames, must have yielded to his weight, for floor and man fell through together. Looking in with scorched eyes, the fireman saw only a red-hot pit. . .

Then he clutched at the ladder and tried to put his fingers in his ears, for out of the furnace there came shriek after shriek, like a wounded dog's, but sharper. These broke away into a whimper, and presently that also stopped.



At the shrivelling heat of it, he gave back, with a cry, violently.

"THE MELODRAMATIST."

LORD KITCHENER: A STUDY.

BY MRS. OSCAR BERINGER.

THERE is probably no man in the public eye about whose personality such diverse opinions are held and expressed as Lord Kitchener. When the Unexpected offered itself to me in a most favourable opportunity of meeting him, I was keenly alive to the good-fortune which bestowed upon me a pleasure eagerly coveted by many and accorded to few women. I will at once say that I propose only to record the personal impression which I then received, and in no sense to report what transpired at an interview which was granted with ready kindness and grace on purely personal grounds.

"Fay ce que doy—advien que pourra" recurred irresistibly to my mind as I looked up—a long way up—into Lord Kitchener's eyes. That is what they said to me in that first involuntary glance which precedes the genial courtesy of a man of the world when he greets a woman visitor—keen, humorous, seeing eyes, appraising eyes, eyes accustomed to gaze with the bigger outlook, while losing no detail on the side and the byways; uncompromising eyes, if you will, but not stern—at least, not to a woman who remembers "Fay ce que doy"!

I am about to make what may, perhaps, be regarded as an invidious assertion—coming from one whose desire is to the stage and whose love is to dramatic literature—that one of Lord Kitchener's supreme virtues is his God-given lack of dramatic instinct.

He disdains and thrusts pictorial effect from and behind him, with a sincerity and vigour which is often translated as brutality. His gorge rises at and rejects tinsel in every form. There is a certain humour in the fact that this invincible making for truth and disdain of appeal to the gallery, as embodied in popular acclaim, is, in reality, the outcome of Lord Kitchener's unalloyed humanity—the possession of which he is denied on many hands.

In an age of sophistry and sophistication he stands out in clear relief, a bold, sturdy figure embodying primary energy and strength, primary ambitions, primary virtues. When he has an object to accomplish he loses no time in pseudo-politic concessions, or in soft dalliance on side-paths.

His concentration is single-minded, and rolls to its goal without let or hindrance beyond the natural obstacles entailed by his objective.

In meeting him face to face, the first impression is that of his convincing reality. He is a real man, a real soldier—no toy figure in a military pageant. The second is that Mother Nature, who often demonstrates a keen sense of dramatic propriety, has been kind in endowing him with a perfect physical embodiment of his mental qualities.

Strength, steadfastness, dignity, an enormous power of will, and indomitable perseverance and courage are all clearly demonstrated in his magnificent frame and powerful face. In spite of himself, Lord Kitchener is a pictorially complete and dramatic representation of the spirit in the flesh. He further possesses the magnetic property of exaction of their best from his surrounding, and a peculiar faculty for prompt rejection of what may be designated as human waste and dross.

He is primary and uncompromising in his truth—as in all else. One by one the little sophistries, the little subterfuges, the

time-honoured make-believes, crumble into dust before the steady, questioning glance of his keen grey eyes.

In spite of his Celtic origin, he is informed with a diffidence and a simplicity which deprecates the hero-worship and acclamation with which the nation would gladly greet him. He has no hankering—or, at any rate, none that he cannot repress—for the approval of the multitude.

I cannot help thinking that his repulsion, which is evident, to popular recognition is due to his innate determination to remain an entity to his own inner consciousness and to escape the danger of consignment, as a Celebrity, to the Pit of Pageantry.

That way extinction lies.

In one sense, the public is, perhaps, to be commiserated that it should know no more of its greatest soldier than meets the eye in his deeds, and a tall figure, wrapped in impenetrable reserve, and a military coat buttoned up to the ears.

In another, it is, perhaps, to be congratulated. We do not possess so many professional soldiers of the Kitchener stamp that we can afford to forfeit or jeopardise one jot or tittle of his uncompromising reality in his cession to a popular desire for hero-worship.

This is not the time or place for reference to the debt of gratitude under which Lord Kitchener has placed the nation by his brilliant achievements and whole-souled devotion. I will rather chronicle a side-wind's whispers of a Kitchener who can be the tenderest nurse to a sick pal, whose favourite poet is Shelley; and whom little children in their Heaven-born instinct understand.

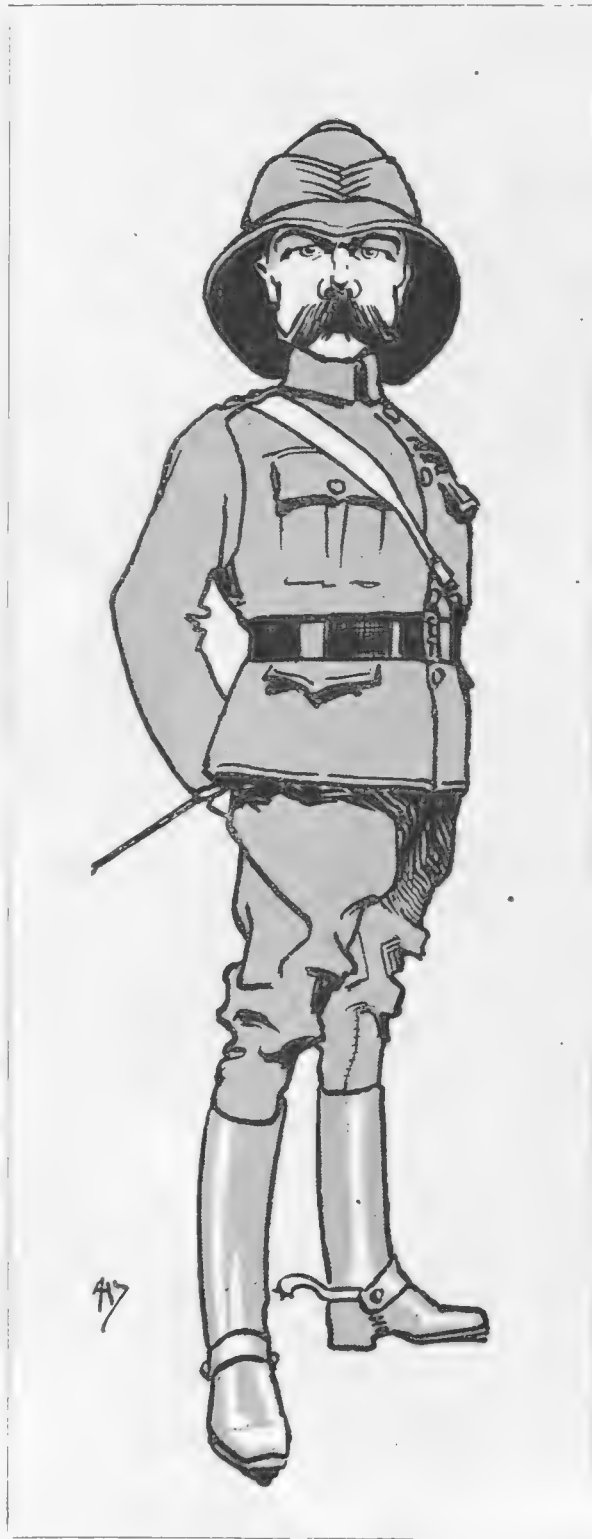
How many have heard of the wife of a Boer General who, in her love and her despair, penetrated to Lord Kitchener's presence?

"Advise me!" she cried. "Where shall I go—what shall I do?"

"Well," replied this Man of Iron in his quietest tones, "if you ask me, I say—Join your husband."

And then he gave orders for her to be personally conducted through the British lines to rejoin her General. "K." of Pretoria and Joh'burg is, perhaps, better known and certainly more feared.

This fact, however, redounds more to the public discredit than his own.



Drawn by John Hassall.

At the Dudley Gallery is to be seen an exhibition of the work of those who pursue the artistic side of photography and have for their aim not merely mechanical representation, but pictorial designs that can be ranked beside those produced by the brush. It is gratifying to be able to say that the present show marks a distinct advance. Previously,

the work of the exhibitors has been more eloquent of their ambitions than of their artistic capacity, but in this year's collection more attention has been paid to such matters as "values" and composition, with the result that the prints may be examined with a good deal of satisfaction. The portraits are especially good. Mr. H. Baker and Mr. F. Holland Day are among the most successful of the portraitists, and among the landscapes, which are often remarkably pictorial, special appreciation is due to the work of Mr. Alexander Keighley.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IN last week's issue of *The Sketch* I gave sundry indications of an impending new Shaksperian boom, in which Mr. Beerbohm Tree will put on at His Majesty's either "Richard the Second" or "Othello," after the run of "The Eternal City," and Mr. George Alexander will present "Romeo and Juliet" at the St. James's when



REVIVAL OF "AS YOU LIKE IT" AT MANCHESTER: MR. GERALD LAWRENCE AS ORLANDO.

Photograph by Warwick Brooke, Manchester.

"If I were King" finishes some time next spring. I have now to add yet another Shakspeare venture. This is Mr. Arthur Bouchier's, and will be given at the Garrick after the run of Mr. H. V. Esmond's new play, "My Lady Virtue," which will, according to the latest arrangements, be produced just as we are going to press.

Not to further beat about the bush (whether it contains two birds or not), Mr. Bouchier, I must tell you, has also resolved to play Othello! "I told you I was going to unfold a strange tale when you called for *The Sketch*," quoth Mr. Bouchier, and I confessed to him that it did seem a strange tale to me. I knew, of course—for had I not seen him?—that he had in his first play-acting days daringly attacked the Hamlets and the other great Shaksperian rôles which your raw amateur undertakes so light-heartedly—and, alas, often so light-headedly! Indeed, have I not seen the said Bouchier impersonate the ancient Richelieu and the juvenile Romeo—both in one afternoon?

But I must confess that when Mr. Bouchier told me, a few days ago, that he, now one of our cheeriest comedians, intended to figure as Othello, it certainly gave me pause. Yet so it is, and Mr. Bouchier has already virtually selected his Emilia, Miss Violet Vanbrugh (Mrs. Bouchier), and his Desdemona, Miss Jessie Bateman. As, however, he seemed to be at a loss for quite a new Iago, I ventured to suggest to him the brilliant young actor-dramatist, Mr. Harry V. Esmond, as likely to be a highly interesting exponent of that diabolical Ancient. Especially as (according to the text) Iago is but eight-and-twenty years of age. Mr. Bouchier seemed to think well of my hint, and said that he would, when the time came, act accordingly. That is, of course, if Mr. Esmond can be secured just then.

What with "My Lady Virtue" at nights, "The Bishop's Move" at Wednesday and Saturday matinées, and "Othello" looming in the farther future, one would think that Mr. Bouchier had settled for quite enough contrast to go on with. And yet, lo, this busy Manager is also arranging, for Christmas juvenile matinée use at the Garrick, an adaptation of Charles Kingsley's famous allegory, "The Water-Babies."

By the way, "The Water-Babies" is not the only fanciful and semi-fairy play that is likely to be seen in town when Christmas comes. A fairy play written by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, and entitled "The Un-Fairy Princess," still seems to be contemplated for production (probably at the Avenue) for children's matinées. I also hear of contemplated fairy dramas built on the Grimms' popular story, "Little Snow-White"; on Hans Christian Andersen's beautiful legend, "The Snow-Queen," and on that quaint old rhyming narrative, "The House that Jack Built."

To this list there would have been added "Ella in Fairyland," written and composed respectively by Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Walter Slaughter for production at Vaudeville matinées, with Miss Ellaline Terriss as Ella. But, as I foreshadowed last week (a foreshadowing since verified and commented upon in divers journals), "Ella in Fairyland" has had to be abandoned till next year, owing to the heavy booking ahead for "Quality Street."

By way of contrast to the above-mentioned fairy plays, I may, perhaps, here mention that at least two melodramas of the "Mystery" type are likely soon to see the footlights. The plays in question are, respectively, "The Mystery of the Sea," adapted by Mr. Bram Stoker from his own "awfully" absorbing second-sight narrative which bears the same title, and a melodrama which Mr. Burford Delannoy (player, playwright, and novelist) has made out of his powerful "shocker" which is alliteratively advertised as "The Margate Murder Mystery."

As some set-off against these melodramatic mixtures, I may here, perhaps, be allowed to state that the droll Mr. Arthur Roberts is about to produce a new light musical work written by Messrs. Herbert Shelley and Reginald Bacchus. This new play is at present entitled "Bill Adams; or, Another Story of Waterloo."

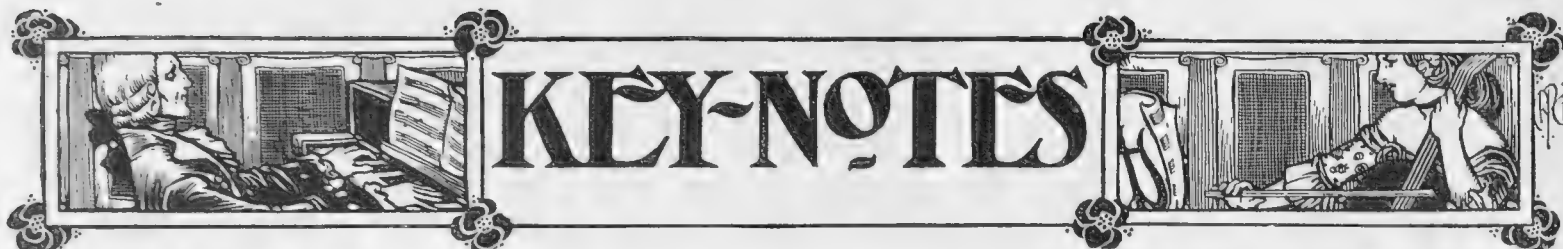
Excellent accounts come from Manchester as to the great success of Mr. Robert Courtneidge's artistic revival of "As You Like It" at the Prince's Theatre. In this number I am publishing portraits of three of the principals, namely, Miss Nora Kerin as Rosalind,



REVIVAL OF "AS YOU LIKE IT" AT MANCHESTER: MR. COURTICE POUNDS AS TOUCHSTONE.

Photograph by Warwick Brooke, Manchester.

Mr. Gerald Lawrence as Orlando, and Mr. Courtice Pounds as Touchstone. There is some talk of bringing the whole production to London shortly. I hope this plan may be put into effect, for, at the present moment, there is hardly a single London theatre which is presenting so really artistic a show.



AMONG the principal London events of the past week in connection with the Promenade Concerts has been the appearance of Miss Irene Penso, a young violinist of quite extraordinary capacity and accomplishment. Miss Penso studied at the Royal Academy of Music, and, after leaving that devout institution,



MISS IRENE PENSO.

Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.

went through the moulding of various other influences, chiefly foreign. Her success at Queen's Hall was extraordinary in the violin part of a Concerto by Max Bruch, a work of amazing difficulty and complexity, and generally eschewed, save for special show purposes, by the ordinary professional violinist. Her tone is rich and broad, and her technique is, without doubt, particularly accomplished. Really, and in all frankness, one sees no possible reason why she should not before long take a genuinely high place among English violin-players. She was much applauded and in the course of the evening received no less than eight recalls.

Apropos of these concerts, by the way, the health of Mr. Henry Wood is a matter concerning which one may be permitted to express anxiety. He has been working far too hard lately, but it is hoped that a little rest will put him in his best and strongest form again. Mr. Arthur Payne does nobly in Mr. Wood's absence; but, somehow, "we long for Merlin once again," and one is quite sure that such a thought is with everybody who has had the privilege of working with him.

Another consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Wood has been the appearance of M. Colonne, who came specially from Paris to conduct the Symphony Concert at Queen's Hall last Saturday. The programme, curiously enough considering the nationality of the conductor, consisted of Brahms' Symphony No. 1 in C Minor, two selections from Wagner's operas, a Paderewski Fantasia, and Richard Strauss's tone-poem, "Don Juan," all of which M. Colonne conducted with his customary ability. In this connection, one may note that musical Paris is just at present divided, so to speak, into two camps, one of which swears by M. Colonne and his famous orchestra, the other by M. Chévard and the no less celebrated Lamoureux combination of

artists. On Sunday afternoons the Châtelet is crowded by M. Colonne's fashionable admirers and the Nouveau Théâtre by those who adore M. Chévard. No Parisian, it is said, is able to distinguish a shade of superiority in point of *chic* and fashion in the fair ladies who attend the concerts; but some musicians profess to find in M. Colonne's playing more fire if less exactness than in that of M. Chévard, the late Charles Lamoureux's son-in-law and heir to his bâton.

The Festivals have now filled up their autumn tale with the conclusion of the Norwich gathering. There a great many novelties were given, chief among which one may rank Professor Horatio Parker's "Star Song" and Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "London Day by Day." Mackenzie's work is more than merely clever; it is an amazing *tour-de-force* in music, combined with a deep and humorous insight into the sound-possibilities of the London streets. Marred possibly by the intrusion of a too solemn movement, inspired by the proclamation of Peace in the June of this year, which has, perhaps, nothing essentially, really, more to do with London than with many other portions of the Empire, the work is, as Addison called "The Rape of the Lock," *merum sal*. It was admirably played under the composer's own direction.

"Elijah" was performed on Thursday morning, and Verdi's "Requiem" absorbed the attention of a numerous audience. There was also an uncommonly precise and clear rendering of Beethoven's fifth Symphony, and a really good performance in the evening of the Brahms Rhapsody for contralto solo and chorus, in which Miss Ada Crossley sang finely. Madame Blauvelt, Madame Kirkby Lunn, and



M. COLONNE, WHO IS CONDUCTING THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS AT QUEEN'S HALL.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Mr. William Green have also done exceedingly well. Mr. Arthur Hervey's overture, entitled "Youth," is both sprightly and charming, and the audience thoroughly enjoyed it, thrice calling back the composer-conductor to receive its plaudits. COMMON CHORD.



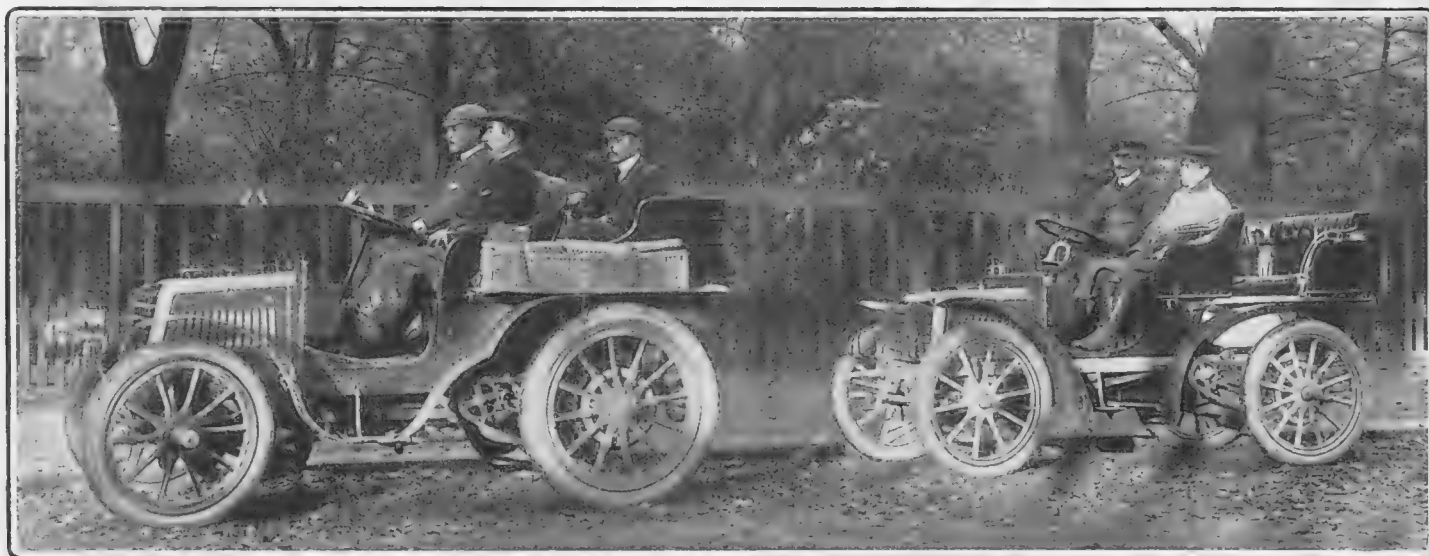
Uphill at a Mile a Minute—A Tent-Covering—Consumption and Conflagration—Electrical Developments.

THE hill-climbing speeds at Gaillon, the scene of the recent French contests, have now reached sixty-two miles per hour, for the kilomètre has been officially timed at thirty-six seconds. The car which achieved this distinction was one of the latest type of Gardner-Serpollet steam-carriages, driven by M. Le Blon, who carried Madame Le Blon as passenger. That such a speed could be maintained for five-eighths of a mile up a gradient of one in ten is astonishing, and it is estimated that the horse-power developed on this occasion was at least one hundred and fifty. Such performances point afresh to the fact that corners, not hills, are the real obstacles to fast travelling from a mechanical point of view. A monstrosity in the form of a 32 horse-power tricycle was brought to the hill, but was carefully kept at the bottom.

A portable folding tent-like cover for the tonneau of his 16 horse-power Milnes car has been devised for his own use by Mr. H. W. Allingham, an automobilist whose ingenuity rivals his enthusiasm. It resembles a giant umbrella, the equivalent of the handle being a squared end, which fits into a square hole in the floor of the back part of the car. This umbrella-tent device has but four ribs, one to each

threw a lighted match, and there was a big blaze forthwith, pretty easily extinguished by prompt attention. Petrol is often exceedingly carelessly handled, but the chief cause of conflagration in cars has now disappeared owing to the general adoption of electric in place of tube ignition. Occasionally a rash man searches at night for a leak of petrol with an open flame, and sometimes a very bad back-fire will ignite the petrol in the carburettor, but ordinarily the fire risk is by no means hazardous. If in the shed or on the road spilt petrol does ignite, the instinct of one's childhood that water puts out fire must be resisted. Water thrown on blazing petrol adds to its danger. The oil floats on the water and is freely carried away in a burning stream. It is best to choke down the blaze with sand or smother it with rags. If the spill is of a small quantity, and there is no absorbent material which will act as wick and suck up the oil, it is often best to let the fire burn itself out. The show of danger is often worse than the reality, and it is astonishing how petrol will burn to the last drop on non-absorbent material, and yet cause scarcely any harm.

Signor Marconi has designed an electrical automobile of which the construction has just been completed at Leghorn. The accumulators,



MR. A. MOSSES ON A TWELVE HORSE-POWER PANHARD AND MR. GEORGE DU CROS ON A TEN HORSE-POWER PANHARD.

Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.

corner of the tonneau, on to which the cover fits tightly. It affords complete protection when in use, and can be quickly stowed into a small space under the seats when not required, as the centre pole is divisible into two short lengths. It is a pity that so neat and effective a dodge is not put upon the market. Every driver with pity for his passengers would gladly indulge in such light and simple protection against dust and showers.

On the Ashtown trotting-track, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, a novel form of consumption-trial was instituted by the Irish Motor-Cycle Union recently. Each competitor was given a pint of petrol, and the game was to see how far he could make it go. One competitor so far outdistanced the others that he was a prize-winner with a walk-over at twenty-one miles within the hour, and even then had not used all his supply, although his nearest competitor did not reach fifteen miles. Consumption is very largely a matter of skilful driving, especially with the small-power engines on motor-cycles, but on cars there have been very few drivers careful to note what they consume. The difficulties of precise measurement interfere with accurate records over short distances, but a fairer estimate can be formed by a long tour, if a log of the mileage and of the fuel used is recorded. Mr. J. E. Hutton, during a tour of 2245 miles just completed on a 10 horse-power Panhard, kept a careful note of his fuel, and found he used ninety-five gallons, which averages nearly twenty-four miles per gallon, or, approximately, a halfpenny per mile.

At this little meeting a strange thing happened. In order to prepare for the admission of an exact pint of petrol, each competitor had to empty his carburettor and tank. Some, who had only a small quantity in their machines, let what there was run out upon the ground rather than trouble to collect it. On this lakelet of petrol a smoker

which form the essence of the invention, are dry, reputed to travel six hundred miles without a re-charge, and, in addition, are lighter than anything now in use. Experiments with this vehicle are now in progress, and it may be remembered that Mr. Edison is credited with the invention of a new storage battery which shall be light, long-lived, and not costly, but this also awaits the completion of experiments concerning it.

The Hon. J. Scott Montagu, M.P., has announced his intention of bringing forward the Motor Vehicles Registration Bill, which provides for the exhibition of an identifying number or other symbol, and, incidentally, abolishes the present speed-limit. But there is little chance of the Bill reaching the stage of practical politics for a long time. The President of the Local Government Board, in reply to a question on the subject by Sir Howard Vincent, has indicated that there is no probability of the Bill being proceeded with during the present Session.

The recent reliability trials conducted by the Automobile Club naturally attracted the attention of all automobilists, and scarcely second in interest were the tyre-trials. It says much for the durability of the various makes that, after three thousand miles had been covered, though one or two had succumbed, the remainder were so little damaged and so alike in condition that the judges ordered another thousand miles to be run. In the end, the cars illustrated on this page, a 10 horse-power Panhard, driven by Mr. George Du Cros, and a 12 horse-power of the same make, driven by Mr. A. Mosses, finished first and second respectively, an interval of only six minutes separating the two. Both cars were fitted with the Dunlop tyres which are held in such high esteem by practical motorists.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Cambridgeshire—Over the Sticks—Punters—Forestalling.

THE Houghton Week brings racing to a close for the year at Newmarket, and it is safe to predict a big crowd to see the race for the Cambridgeshire, although it has not given rise to much ante-post betting this year. The chops and changes in the market have stalled off many speculators, who, I am glad to see, now wait for the numbers to go up before risking their money. Robert le Diable lives to fight another day, and he is very likely to be dangerous at Ascot next year. Mr. Stedall has a great fancy for First Principal, and the horse on some of his form has a big chance, but he has quite enough weight. St. Maclou may go close, but I think the best speculation would be to back Rightful each way. He is a much improved horse and he is very fast. I think Royal George will be placed. For the Dewhurst Plate I should take Rock Sand to beat Greatorrex, for I am certain Sir J. Miller's colt did not give his true running in the Middle Park Plate. I think he will go very close for next year's Derby. All the same, I stick to the opinion expressed after Ascot week, that Baroness La Flèche filly was the better of the two and should have beaten him for the Coventry Stakes. A capital acceptance has been received for the old Cambridgeshire—a race, by-the-bye, that takes a lot of winning, as the long, tiring hill is a big test of the stamina both of horse and jockey. The Duke of Devonshire has a chance to win the race with Cheers, while another likely competitor is Cap and Bells II., who has not yet reproduced the capital form she showed in winning the Oaks last year. She may like the hill.

The meetings under National Hunt Rules that have been already held have yielded well; but it really is monotonous to see the same old platers competing against each other day after day with varying results. I have endeavoured for years to induce the owners of flat-racers to run them under National Hunt Rules, but I suppose the prizes are not sufficiently large to attract good-class horses. But Clerks of Courses know that self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and they could not be expected to launch out with no prospect of a quick return. A leading Clerk of the Course once told me that a meeting under National Hunt Rules cost £300 per day to run, and, given bad weather, this meant a heavy loss. All the same, I think an inducement might be given to owners to run for their own money. Why not institute some big hurdle sweepstakes with selling allowances? Make the events handicaps. I believe these would draw well, and, what is more, they would enrich the fund considerably. We have seen by the ten-thousand-pounders on the flat that the big owners do not object to run for their own money. They prefer this to running for paltry prizes. Of course, the present selling races should be allowed to stand, to give

owners of bad horses the chance to be rid of them. Something must be done to revive the glories of the winter pastime. My own men of observation say the open ditch will have to be got rid of, as owners will not school their horses over the grave. As a consequence, we see very few good steeplechasers running nowadays, and the only race really worth seeing is that for the Grand National. Owners, trainers, and jockeys are opposed to the open ditch, and I do not believe the spectators like it.

I repeatedly hear of plungers failing to settle, and only last week two racegoers who had followed the meetings for years could not face the settlement. A funny story, though, I believe, a perfectly true one, is told of a French plunger in South Africa who, knowing nothing of horses and horse-racing, yet inclined to a gamble. He won money for some little time, but eventually tumbled upon a disastrous week. The settling, it seems, takes place in a large hall something after the style of the London Stock Exchange, and if a debtor does not turn up by a certain hour he is publicly declared to be a defaulter. Just on the stroke of the hour, the perplexed Frenchman put in an appearance, dressed in faultless style. Raising his hat, he said, "Gentlemen, I 'ave come to take ze knock!" This is exactly what some punters are doing in England to-day. They keep on betting so long as they win, but directly they get a very bad week they retire from the Turf without settling. One big bookmaker, who is said to have lost sixty thousand pounds since the opening of the flat-race season, is reported to have at least a hundred thousand pounds owing to him from gentlemen, many of whom could pay but will not. I am certain it would be better for the Turf generally, and very much better for young plungers, if the Jockey Club were to license bookmakers and compel the latter to name all defaulters at the commencement of each week.

Some owners have complained of late of having been left with only the skim-milk of the market, the cream having been appropriated by strangers. The fact is, stable secrets are no longer secrets in some quarters. The big bettors get to know—how, I cannot tell—the good things possessed by some of the stables, and they jump in and take the first offers. The public, too, are pretty well informed. We saw that in the case of the Cesarewitch, when all the little punters stuck to Black Sand, despite his inglorious display in France. I have heard that every starting-price bookmaker in London, without a single exception, lost money over the win of Black Sand, yet the owner of the horse and the trainer were not big winners. As a matter of fact, they would have profited more by Black Sand's winning in France than they did over his Cesarewitch victory.

CAPTAIN COE.



BUNKERED.

PUTTING.

DRIVING.

J. H. TAYLOR, EX-CHAMPION, PLAYING GOLF: THREE CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLES OF HIS STYLE.

On Saturday, Oct. 18, on the links of the South Herts Golf Club at Totteridge, J. H. Taylor beat the Champion, Alexander Herd, with a score of 73 as against the Champion's 74. Ex-Champions Braid and Harry Vardon also competed in the Tournament. Photographed by Newman, Berkhamsted.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

APROPOS of some remarks in my last week's notes concerning the perils to which our complexions are liable when competing with the flight of time in the amazing motor, a correspondent draws my attention to a specially invented face-covering called the Claxton Motor-veil.



THE CLAXTON MOTOR-VEIL.

On the face of it—to be feebly funny—this motor-mask seems matter in the right place. It has been described to me as “a colourless, transparent material, of no weight, and invisible as glass under an ordinary veil.” A sort of glorified talc, or xylonite, I take it, inasmuch as that, while protecting the face, it does not interfere with free respiration. An added advantage is that any other veil can be worn over the Claxton, and as it is further claimed for this motor-mask that it lasts with care for years, the price (seven-and-sixpence) in exchange for so much comfort and convenience and safeguarding of the cuticle does not seem unduly great. The address for these invaluable appendages is 108, Strand.

I find many of my women friends committing themselves to the apparently paradoxical part of wearing coffee-coats at tea-time, now that a lamp-lit five o'clock once more becomes the order of our darkened hour. Very enticing, too, are these be-ribboned, be-laced, and be-gewgawed little garments, charming versions of our once tea-jacket, only more so. I think those useful friends, Harrod's Stores, hitherto chiefly associated in the female mind with edibles and eatables, have the most distracting possible selection of these coats. Judging from their superlative new show-rooms in Brompton Road, and the regardless display of millinery enchantments therein, it would seem as if fur, feather, and frock are coming in for as much attention from that Company of enterprise as its erstwhile kitchen-catering, which has always been of the best. A quite cunning little tea-gown of modest price (four guineas), finely accordion-pleated, charmingly sleeved, and fichued with tiny lace, recommended itself loudly. Another, in Empire-cut upon, delicately tucked and insertioned, was only five and a-half guineas. Harrod's salons for clothes are now, in fact, a succession of surprises in smartness.

A friend of mine, who describes herself as full of ideas on the subject of house-furnishing, has lately been laying down the law as to the most suitable surround for a dining-room carpet of price which no other friend possesses. We all met in consultation. The lady of the house swayed and overbore us all. Felt, it should be, microbes and notwithstanding. The felt went down, but it also came up. So did India matting; so did imitation parquet linoleum; so did several other things, until the owner of that carpet was tired and wanted to say so. When all the “ideas” gave out, I advised her to try a particular and especial floor-polish, invented by Stephenson Brothers, which gives a brilliant, shiny surface and throws up carpet-colouring nothing else does or can. She did, and I can only say that the makers thereof ought to labour under a load of gratitude to me, for every woman who enters that drawing-room goes straightway home and orders a campaign of Stephenson polish forthwith, inasmuch as its superior brilliance is so plainly a self-evident fact. All the stores and good shops keep it now, and the increasing demand is its best proof of excellence.

Sandown in autumn—given decent weather—is always a deservedly favourite occasion. There is no overcrowding. Frocks, while quite smart, are of a not too overpoweringly ball-room character, and the whole *mise-en-scène* is more sporting though not less ornamental than in summer. Thursday's record was not quite a red-letter occasion for “the talent.” Favourites mostly came home, and there was rejoicing amongst the fair. Many novel winter-gowns were well displayed, moreover, one pretty girl creating much admiring comment by appearing in an iridescent jacket made entirely of peacocks' breasts. With an emerald velvet hat and a clear pink-and-white complexion, the picture was complete. A white cloth frock heavily bordered with sable was handsome but incongruous, and one grew tired of admiring feather-hats, which were more or less an epidemic. Petticoats were in noticeably frilly evidence under the more severe auspices of autumn tailor-mades, and the ubiquitous pouched jacket appeared in all manner of furs, from grey squirrel with oxidised silver belt to sable banded at the waist with embroidered or jewelled ceinture.

Messrs. Norman and Stacey's first great annual sale opened on Monday. Sweeping reductions have been made in every department, in addition to which an over-riding discount of ten per cent. is allowed off the invoice for cash. The stock comprises the most artistic specimens of Sheraton, Chippendale, Adam, and includes the French furniture exhibits removed from the Salon d'Honneur at the Paris in London Exhibition, Earl's Court, together with an immense assemblage of antique furniture, old carved oak, curios, and Sheffield plate.

Brussels is not looking its best by any means (a correspondent tells me); the effect of constant rain and wintry winds is anything but gladdening to this bright little, half-French, half-Flemish town. Brussels on a bright summer day affords to both resident and casual visitor alike a cheery, enlivening picture, with its narrow, steep, cobble streets and quaint old, richly embellished public buildings. But a few days' rain and some piercing, driving winds, and what a metamorphosis is effected! The cobble streets become ugly and slippery, and try the temper beyond endurance; the artistic houses in the old Market Square lose all their charm, so bedraggled are they and cheerless; the ascent of the picturesque, steep hills becomes a dreary toil.

The inhabitants of Brussels seem to spend Sunday evenings sauntering about the streets and entering first one café and then another. In the cafés they drink all manner of abominations in the way of sweetened water; sometimes the liquid is pink, sometimes red, sometimes white. They also spend much time when there in playing dominoes, the waiter snatching mouthfuls of food, poor fellow, behind their backs whenever he can find time to do so. Sometimes they prefer a game of cards; then the table is covered with a little carpet



[Copyright

A DINNER-GOWN IN YELLOW SATIN WITH BLACK VELVET.

or mat, so as to counteract the slipperiness of the marble surface of the table. But many—in fact, most of them—men, women, and children, sit stolidly in solemn silence and look at the other people present. I think no more stolid cast of countenance exists than the truly Flemish type: a better example of stubborn, brutish pig-headedness could hardly be seen than a typical Flamand face. I am glad to say that Brussels is soon to have an electric tram-service, and electric light as well. A worse-lighted town surely cannot exist than Brussels—that is to say, a town of such importance and size. The streets are dirty, the pavement bad, the lighting atrocious, the manners of the inhabitants everything that is undesirable, and the morals something fearful.

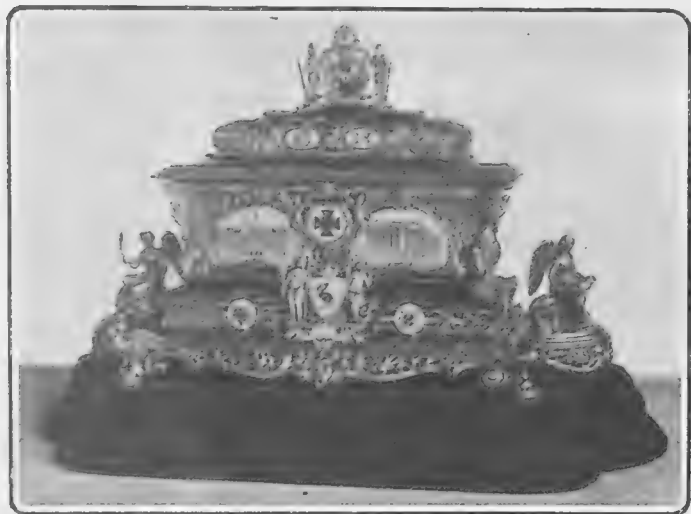
Here I am speaking of Brussels proper, of course. Where the large English colony lives is really hardly Brussels: it is right on the top of the hill, by the lovely Boulevards, more in the direction of Ixelles. A most marked contrast exists between the two parts of the Capital. The top portion is well lit, well provided with trams, well paved, and furnished with wholesome, well-built houses, made mostly of brick on stone foundations. The air is good, the "bois" is in the near neighbourhood, and a very pleasant place of residence this suburb makes. Anyone thinking of coming to reside in Brussels should take apartments somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Avenue Louise. This is undoubtedly the best part of the town. There are two English churches in this quarter—one the Church of the Resurrection, and the other Christ Church. For fathers of families, especially families of girls, Brussels is an admirable place to come to on account of the very excellent educational facilities it affords, but the difference between the upper and lower portions of the town is as great as the proverbial difference existing 'twixt chalk and cheese.

SYBIL.

CHEAP WEEK-END EXCURSIONS BY THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

The Great Northern Railway announce a series of excursions from London (Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross, Finsbury Park, &c.) to the provinces during the winter months as follows: Thursdays, Nov. 6, 20, and Dec. 4, for one day, to Hitchin, Baldock, and Royston; also for one or three days to Cambridge. Thursdays, Oct. 30, Nov. 13, 27, and Dec. 11, for one or three days, to Biggleswade, Sandy, St. Neots, Huntingdon, and Peterborough. Friday nights, Nov. 7, 21, and Dec. 5, also Saturdays, Nov. 8, 22, and Dec. 6, for three, five, or eight days, to Peterborough, Grantham, Nottingham, Newark, Retford, Worksop, Sheffield, Manchester, Warrington, Liverpool, Doncaster, Wakefield, Halifax, Leeds, Bradford, Brighouse, and Huddersfield. Saturdays, Nov. 15 and Dec. 6, for one day, to Hatfield, Hertford, St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, and Dunstable. Saturdays, Nov. 8, 22, and Dec. 6, for three, five, or eight days, to Spalding, Boston, Louth, Grimsby, Sleaford, Lincoln, and Gainsborough. Pamphlets giving full particulars as to fares, &c., have been issued and can be obtained at any Great Northern station or town office.

The gold casket presented to Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., K.G., by the Corporation of the City of Liverpool is of eighteen-carat gold and has six painted enamel views, the Arms of Lord Roberts and Liverpool, &c., and bears the following engraved inscription: "City of Liverpool. The Right Honourable Charles Petrie, Lord Mayor. Presented with the Freedom of the City to Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G., K.P., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Forces, 11th October, 1902."



CASKET PRESENTED TO FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS
BY THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL.

The base is of solid silver-gilt, with finely modelled allegorical groups at the ends representing War and Peace. This fine specimen of the goldsmith's art was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, London, W.

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

PROFESSOR HORATIO PARKER has a considerable Festival reputation in England. At the Three Choirs Festivals he has been heard from time to time, and he has assuredly gained his laurels worthily. His writing has, perhaps, been a trifle diffuse, lacking compression, and even at times being a little imitative. But he has shown a distinct talent for neat scoring, for melodious intonation, and for lyrical aptness of style. His new work, however, produced at Norwich, shows him in an altogether new capacity—as a writer who would be almost ambitiously modern, and who, to prove his technical accomplishment and dramatic feeling, is ready to sacrifice his former particular kind of fame. That was assuredly a mistake, for his "Star-Song," set to ridiculous words by H. Bernard Carpenter, is a melancholy instance of vaulting ambition o'erleaping itself.

I have said that the words are ridiculous; nor is this too harsh a term to apply to them. Love is called "the first and the last," the "reward (*sic*) and van of the starry chorus." Mr. Carpenter permits himself to speak of hushed skies listening,

And back there rolls,
Like a chant from a blessed chorus of souls,
The low sweet thunder of answering harps.

Now what was Dr. Parker to do for this kind of thing? The best answer would have been, "Nothing." But, having made a brave attempt, he may even now be described as having done—nothing. The music is both pretentious and commonplace.

A new work by Sir Alexander Mackenzie is always an interesting event, and his "London Day by Day" will distinctly add to his reputation. It is full of humour, of spirit, and of musicianly feeling. At times, indeed, it passes over the borderland of genius. It is the best thing he has done for a very long time. One of the most interesting of its numbers is a solemn and meditative thanksgiving on the conclusion of Peace; it is the only thing, however, that is not appropriate to the title. One wishes very keenly that Sir Alexander would give us more of this sort of thing.

WILD-DUCK SHOOTING.

Now that the shooting season is in full swing, and folks have left Scotland for the South, we hear of very heavy bags. Something approaching a record has been made at Netherby, near Carlisle, in Cumberland, where the Prince of Wales has been paying a short visit to Sir Richard and Lady Cynthia Graham. In three days more than three thousand birds fell to eight guns, more than one thousand wild duck being secured in one day. For wild-fowl, this is an extraordinary figure; wild duck are not easily reared, and are not easily shot, and though Cumberland is rather a favoured county for fowling, such a day's sport is something to wonder at. Outside the regions of vast preserves it is difficult to get wild-fowl shooting in England nowadays; birds are getting noticeably scarcer, the use of the punt-gun has driven them from the estuaries where our fathers could generally secure a good bag. Now, only a very severe winter avails to give a chance to the casual sportsman on the East Coast. In the South of England, few owners of large sporting estates succeed in raising many wild ducks, the nearest place to London where the sport is enjoyed on a large scale being, I think, Tring Park, the country seat of Lord Rothschild. Wild-fowl are not easily shot; the thickness of their breast plumage acts like armour, and very often a bird coming to the gun and struck in the breast at moderate range passes, startled but unhurt, while the same shot would have been fatal had it been going away.

A curiously fantastic picture, entitled "Love's Ecstasy," by Mr. Rudolph Blind, has been published as an engraving by Annie S. Blind, 9, Edith Villas, Kensington. The work, which is vaguely reminiscent of certain famous lines by Robert Browning, represents the winged Eros in the air supporting a female figure.

Smokers should make a point of getting Bewlay and Co.'s "Encyclopædia of Pipes and other Wares." It is beautifully printed in colours, and the man who cannot find a pipe to suit him among the number illustrated must indeed be hard to please. But all tobacco-lovers know that "Bewlay" and "the best" are synonymous terms, and, as the Encyclopædia says, "Nothing is better than the best."

Mr. H. R. Mansel-Jones, who has just been appointed County Court Judge, was formerly no less distinguished on the river than he now is as a lawyer. He was educated at Eton and Trinity, and, as a member of the Third Trinity Boat Club, stroked the Cambridge Eight which won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley in 1855, beating the Oxford University crew, and also stroked the Cambridge boat which won the Inter-University Race in 1856.

An Egyptian cigarette that has evidently come to stay is the "Nestor." The flavour and aroma are delightful, and there is no objectionable after-taste. They are evidently what is claimed for them—pure throughout and the highest-grade Egyptian cigarettes. Moreover, the "Nestors" are not at all expensive, considering their fine quality.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 11.

IN THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

WHAT animation now exists in the Kaffir Circus is mainly confined to the deep-level section, where prices are comparatively well maintained, despite the absence of business. The letter which we published last week from our correspondent at Johannesburg is peculiarly useful at the moment, when stagnation reigns in the outcrop department. Of new undertakings ripe for



NGONYE FALLS, RHODESIA.

marketing there are several on the point of emission. Our readers will do well to watch for the appearance of the Cloverfield, a concern which whisper says is to be fathered by a powerful group in Warnford Court, and one possessing interests to the north-west of the Geduld Farm which are spoken of very favourably in the Transvaal. The date for the appearance of the Cloverfield has not been fixed, as far as we know, and there are no details at present available regarding capital and so forth. Of the outcrop mines, the days of dividend declaration are few and far between, and we all wait eagerly for that distribution on Goldfields, an announcement as to which may be out before this issue of *The Sketch* appears. It is doubtful, though, whether dividend declarations and mining returns will have much effect upon the Kaffir Circus for the present. The controlling houses are maintaining their attitude of masterly inactivity, and the general public show no disposition of starting a rise off their own bat.

THE TUBES SURPRISE.

How the Morgans were dished by Yerkes and Perks will go down to history as one of the most interesting, not to say entertaining, episodes in the history of London's electric traction; but yet further excitements are probably in store, and it is not likely that the great American house will sit down quietly under its defeat. To Londoners, however, the fight can bring only benefit, for it means that each party must strain every nerve to facilitate the comfort and convenience of the huge travelling public, in order to present Parliament and the Committees with the bait necessary for those bodies to swallow the schemes presented for their consideration. Naturally, the stocks of the Central London and of the two "Sewer" lines have responded sharply to the withdrawal of the Bill which puts the Morgan plans out of the field of practical politics for a while, and it seems possible that the District clique will have the stock of that Company four or five points higher before they let it again slide into obscurity and dulness. Districts, however, are for the speculatively inclined. The canny investor will see more attraction in Metropolitan, the price of which is pretty sure to see par again in time, for the Company's line forms such an important link in the system of communication through London that we shall be on the look-out for strong efforts being made to obtain control of it by one or other of the competing groups. Hitherto, the Metropolitan Company's stock has been regarded as almost too big a nut for any of the cliques to acquire, but the Heaven-born financiers are equal to attempting anything when a rival's throat has to be cut. Central London stocks we have always pointed out as being good investments of their class, and the Preferred is as good as anything which can be had in its own particular line.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"I simply cannot stand it!" exclaimed The Broker, wrathfully, as he flung his umbrella into the rack and fell angrily into his accustomed seat.

"Stand what, old man? Treat, eh? Who wants you to?"

"Why, what d'you think's happened now? I'll be hammered if some footling ass hasn't had the colossal check to cartoon me in a weekly paper, and for the past fortnight every post has brought me copies of the paper from sympathising friends!"

"Well, Brokie, you will soon have your revenge."

"How? What d'you mean?"

"It's bound to kill the paper. *Sketch*, I suppose?"

"Don't you be a fool!" was the advice tendered to The Jobber. "You've got all your work cut out to keep up the Rhodesian rig, so don't interfere with other folk's affairs."

"You are a shade inconsequent, I think," put in The Merchant. "But I am rather a believer in Rhodesians myself."

"Gold, land, or copper?"

"Pepper, salt, or mustard?" asked The Irrepressible.

"My friends out there tell me that the Copper business has come to stay," observed The Engineer.

"So I understand," The Merchant added.

"That's all very well," affirmed The Broker. "But it's at least premature to put up the prices of the shares to purely fancy figures when there hasn't been a penn'orth of copper taken out of the mines."

"You're wrong there," said The Engineer. "They are getting the metal out by degrees, but, of course, the labour and transport difficulties are exceedingly great."

"I am inclined to the view that the industry is by no means one of the least of those which Rhodesia will be able to turn to account in time." Thus The Banker, somewhat pompously.

"To buy the shares now is to buy a pig for a moke," declared The Broker.

The Jobber looked at him with a pitying air. "You will never make anything of an epigrammatist," he said, with sorrow, "any more than you will a tipster. Now, I say that Consolidated Africa Copper Trust shares are a jolly good thing for a gamble. After you with that match. Thanks."

"Why not Chartered?" asked The Merchant. "Surely the parent must improve if its babies are all going strong."

"Well, you see," The Engineer answered him, "you see, it's different with Chartered, because the shares are so widely held that any small rise is pretty sure to bring in a fair number of sellers."

"Whereas in these family-affair creations in the Rhodesian Copper Markets, the shops can do just what they like, I suppose; rig them up, or send them to—"

"The Eternal City?" suggested The Jobber, quickly.

"Just So," retorted the other, who had bought the last wonderful book of children's stories.

"Drop it, you two," quoth The Broker; "you tire me, as the Yankees are supposed to say."

"Our friends in the United States do not seem to be having everything in the world quite their own way at the moment," remarked The Banker, polishing his gold-rimmed glasses. "The name of Morgan is beginning to lose its efficacy as a means with which to conjure."

"Great man, Morgan," considered The Engineer.

"A continuance of the coal strike would have placed him in a highly uncomfortable position," was The Merchant's comment.

"Don't some people speak of him as a kind of magnified Hooley?"

"The title is hardly apt, I think," said The Broker; "but I can't help thinking that it may be over some gigantic scheme that a smash will come one of these days."

"Morgan had just about as large a mouthful as he could manage in the Atlantic Combine," said The Engineer. "And it seems to me that one day there will be a screw get loose somewhere which will result in a bad collapse if Morgan extends his operations much further. Man is but human, after all, and the mere physical strain of all these schemes must be enormously great."

"And then the Downfall of Yankees!" cried The Merchant.

"Have you recently taken up astronomy?" inquired The Jobber. "I ask because I observe you quote the—er—Zola Zystem."

"Air! More air!" gasped The Engineer.

"—soon obtainable at a discount," The Broker was heard saying to The Banker.

"What will?" inquisitively queried The Merchant.

"The new Japanese Fives."



A SCENE AT THE TOP OF VICTORIA FALLS.

"Are people selling their allotments, then?"

"Yes, rather; in small lots, you know. But every little helps——"

"As the burglar said when he helped himself to the diamonds."

"But Jap. Fives are a good enough investment," persisted The Merchant. "I went in for a few thousands."

"Quite a good stock, in my opinion," returned The Broker. "In time the Bonds will go to, perhaps, three or four premium, but before that you will see them under par. I can't say I am overmuch in love with things Japaneesy though."

"You like them free and easy, don't you, Brokie?" laughed The Jobber, as he got out before anyone recovered from the shock.

A USEFUL MAP.

Our contemporary the *Financial Times* has just issued a very useful chart of the mines of the Boulder group on Hannan's Field at the price of six shillings. The chart clearly shows the inclination of the reefs and the amount of work done on each property, thus conveying valuable information to a student of the mines, and it further serves a useful purpose in conveying to the minds of shareholders concerned the significance of some of the facts stated in the official reports issued.

Nothing strikes one more, upon examining the map carefully, than the remarkable manner in which it brings home to the mind the complete lottery of mining. The Chaffers ground adjoins, on the strike of the reef, the Golden Horseshoe, and the lode has been carried at the 200 ft. level in the latter lease to the boundary, and yet in one mine rich gold has been found, while the other has, so far, proved a failure. The Hainault is wedged in among the Kalgurli, and yet gets very little of the rich ore. The Central Boulder has six acres cut out of the Associated property and adjoining the Lake View Consols, and yet has, so far, done no good. The tale might be indefinitely extended, but no eloquence of ours will so far impress it upon the mining investor's mind as ten minutes' study of this interesting publication. To those of our readers who seem to think that mining is a mere matter of calculation, and that if an expert recommends a piece of ground which proves a failure he *must* be a dishonest person, we think this chart would be a striking object-lesson.

THE QUEENSLAND INVESTMENT COMPANY.

The report of this Company for the year ending June 30 last is a great improvement on those of the last few years, for, instead of a loss, there is a small profit, after providing for all outgoings, including Debenture interest, of £224. Not much to boast about, but so striking a change that it looks as if the corner had been turned.

The Directors are making certain proposals to the Debenture holders which appear to us well-judged, and, if carried out (as, no doubt, they will be), calculated to improve both the shares and Debenture stock of the Company. We have referred to the matter because the 4 per cent. Debenture stock of the Company is one of the cheapest securities in the market. The price is about 83, or, in other words, it yields nearly 5 per cent., and is at present secured by way of floating charge upon all the assets and unpaid capital of the Company. As soon as the proposed changes are carried out, the stock (of which the total amount is £406,000) will have a specific charge of £5 a share on the uncalled capital, amounting to £639,190, which of itself would be an ample security, and a floating-first charge on all the other assets, which include, after the severest writing-down, interest-producing mortgages £161,000, income-producing properties standing in the books at £459,000, properties not producing income valued at £144,000, and cash and securities (such as Colonial bonds) £69,000, or, in all, £1,328,190. There are £72,000 of terminable Debentures, but by the year 1907 the whole of these will be paid off, and they are spread over five years, in amounts which the ordinary resources of the Company will easily provide for.

For those who want a five per cent. investment with as nearly complete security as can be obtained, we can, with every confidence, recommend this Company's Debenture stock at its present price. It will be a genuine surprise if it does not see a seven or eight point rise within the next two years.

Saturday, Oct. 25, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

B. E. C.—The office of the United Realisation Company is at 32, Old Jewry. Write to the Secretary. The accounts are made up to Oct. 31 and presented in December. The name and address you want is, "The Rev. J. S. Watts, 16, Farringdon Street, E.C."

P. G. (Calcutta).—We think you can claim partial rebate, but you had better communicate with Messrs. Barrow and Co., of East Temple Chambers, Whitefriars Street, E.C., who would give you all information and for a small commission recover any amount you are entitled to.

CITY READER.—The thing has been a complete failure hitherto, and we have no reliable information as to whether there is an improving prospect.

AFRIC.—The price of the Niekerk shares is 11s. 6d. to 12s.

J. G. B.—The photos have been returned.

E. K.—See Broken Hill letter in our issue of Sept. 24 last. The lodes have changed from the rich carbonates found on the surface to sulphides of lower value, but there is no sign of any other change. Except for the price of the products, there is no reason for either mine to prove less remunerative than it was three or four years ago.

MARYPORT.—Thanks for the circular. What is the value of Messrs. Beilby, Richardson, and Co.'s guarantee? Only a fool would be taken in by such a thing.

COCOS.—Perhaps the Queensland Investment Company's Debenture stock would suit you. The railways we mentioned are not "controlled by natives."

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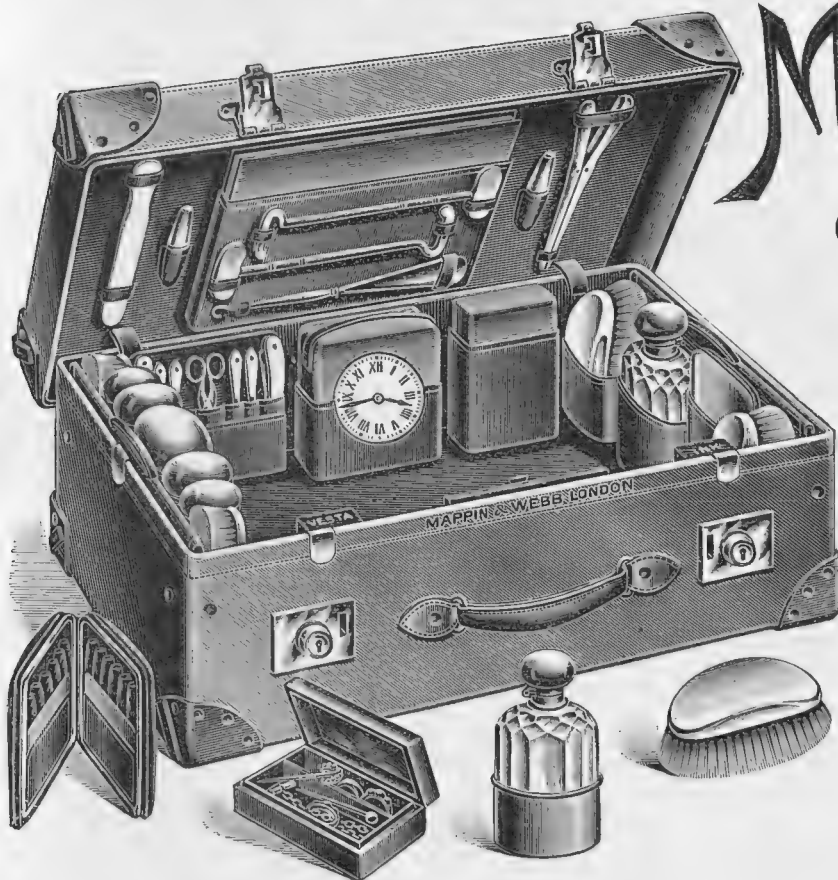
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Sketch, Oct. 20, 1902.

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"Silverdale, Maitstone Road, Chatham, Aug. 13, 1902.

"Many thanks for your attention to my inquiries. The cigars are to hand, and I like them. The thing you must do is to keep these goods up to sample. The curse of commerce seems to me to be that things are not kept up to sample. When people have to establish a line, there is blowing of trumpets, etc. I prefer to wait and see. I trust your high standard will be maintained. I have thoroughly tested your statements as to this cigar—'Marsuma'—and it answers them all. A good cigar is a great boon to smokers. Wishing you success, etc."

Rev. ALAN BRODRICK, Broughton Gifford, Melksham—

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STAGE.

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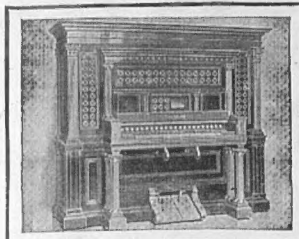


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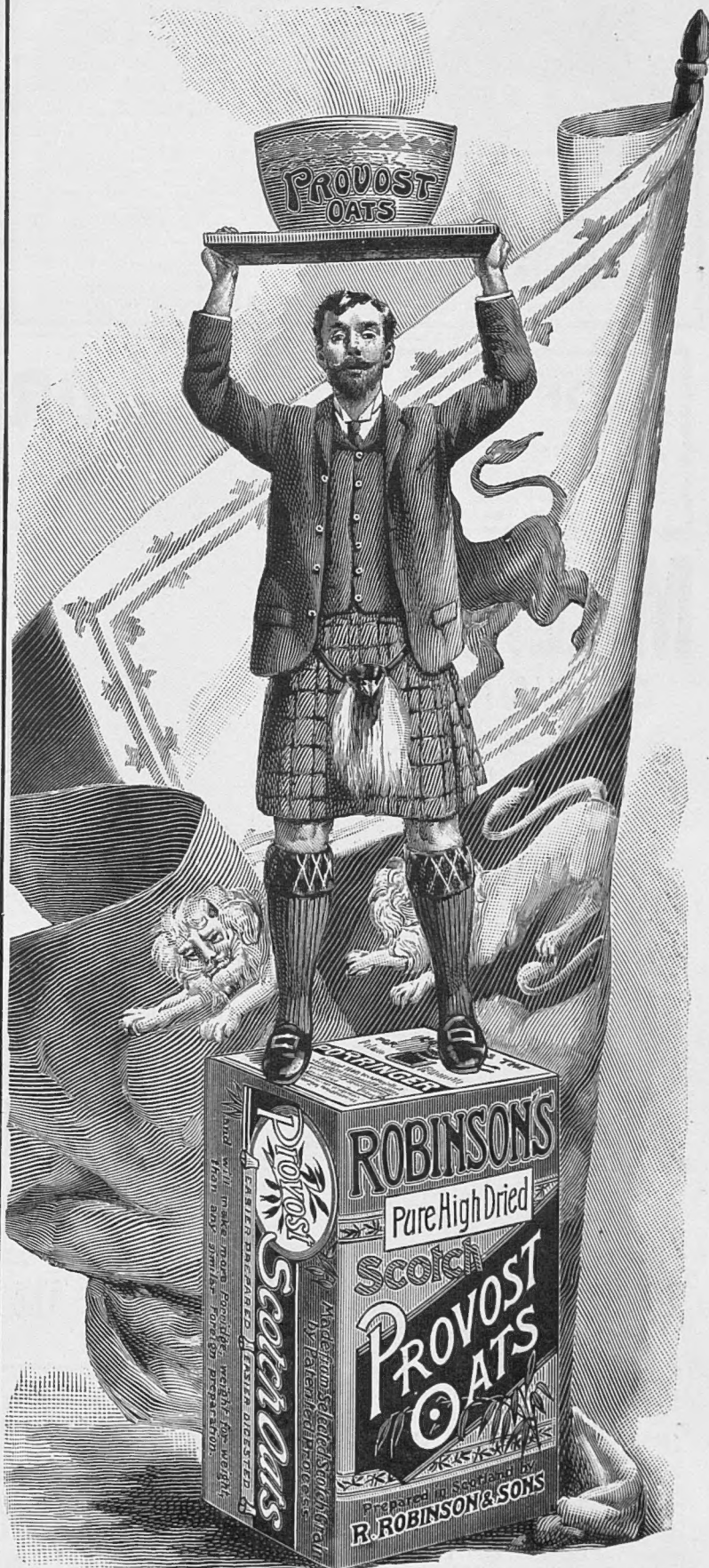
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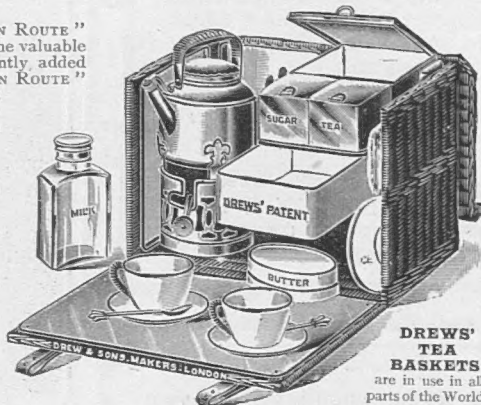
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